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Intensive training has removed all irrelevancies. By the fifth generation, high-jumpers have acquired grasshopper thighs, tug-of-war specialists have grown backs with cantilever ribs and Forth Bridge vertebrae. The nineteenth generation of track experts have evolved nails in the soles of their feet: the "greyhound profile" is clearly demonstrated in the illustration. Twin hearts provide the increase up with which the bloodstream is souped, and there is a small group of specialist quarter milers the pulses on whose wrists are already changing, by classical evolutionary stages, into proto-stop-watches.

These advances have not been won without cost. Pentathlon

competitors stand small chance of success unless they have developed pentathlete's heart, which means that when these athlons are not doing pent things at once, they cannot do anything at all.

However, bath chairs are provided to bring to the starting point sprinters who have lost the power of walking. The rest of their time athletes are kept in the darkness of minute cubicles. The light goes on every three hours when their meal is brought to them on the conveyor belt. The notion that this life is unhappy must be wrong. It is easy to prove, by demonstrating that they have never known anything else, that nothing could be jollier.



Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him

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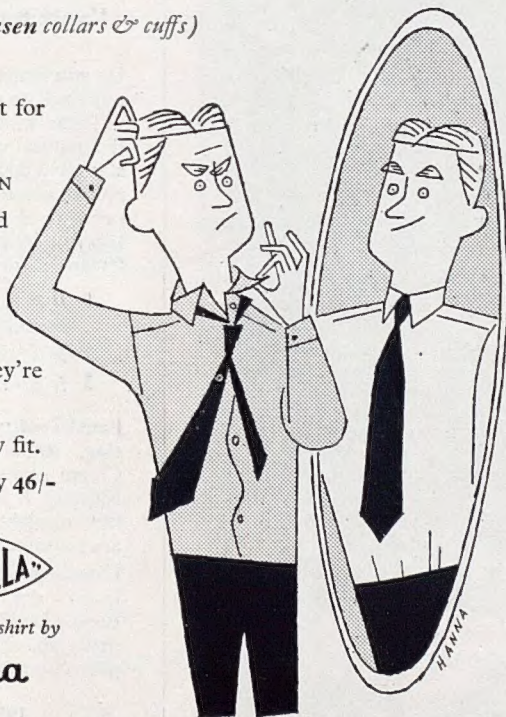
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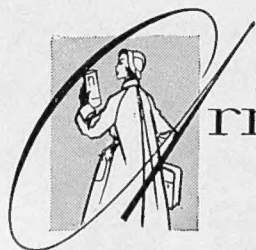
Try a MOSCOW MULE (1 part Smirnoff Vodka, juice of ½ Lemon; add ice and fill up with Ginger Beer. Garnish with slice of Lemon and stir gently). Also a SMIRNOFF & TONIC (1 part Smirnoff Vodka poured over several ice cubes in a long glass. Fill up with Tonic Water and garnish with slice of Lemon).

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Britsey

at the races . . .

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JULY 21

1954

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IN THE SERENITY OF THE COPPINS' GARDEN

RESTING on the lawn of their beautiful Buckinghamshire home are H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, H.R.H. Princess Alexandra. The young Princess, who is making her début this year, has inherited much of her mother's beauty and poise, and has already undertaken several public engagements, when she has charmed all who have met her



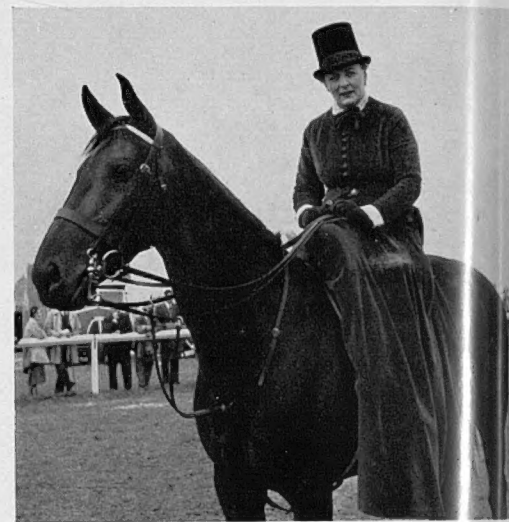
Snugly wrapped atop one of the coaches which was entered for the marathon were Mr. H. Hawkins and Mr. Sebastian Gilbey, the driver, with his wife

HUNTING PAGEANT AT ROYAL SHOW

A RECORD number of livestock was entered for the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, held in Windsor Great Park. Of unusual interest was the coaching marathon and a pageant reproducing a Meet of the Royal Buckhounds during the late Regency period



Attired as a Regency huntsman, Miss L. Rooke, who had come up from Badminton, was chatting to Lady Edith Foxwell, wife of Mr. Ivan Foxwell



The Duchess of Beaufort was taking part in the Meet of the Royal Buckhounds, just as her nineteenth-century forerunner had done



Two West Country riders who participated in the hunting pageant, held to celebrate the visit of members of the Royal Family, were Mrs. Donnar and Mrs. John Wooldridge



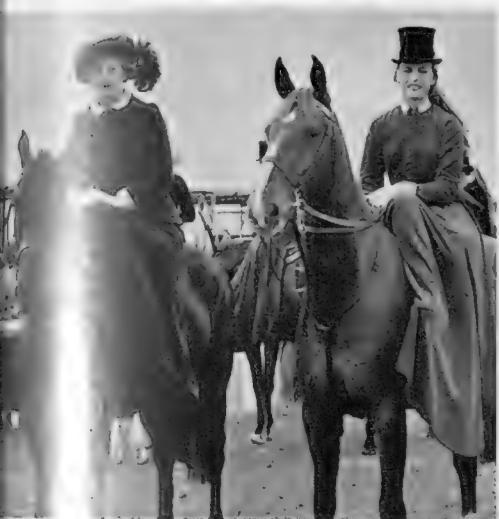
Before entering the Grand Ring, where she competed in a riding hunter class, the Duchess of Norfolk had a word with the Hon. Mrs. Baird



Mr. R. Abel-Smith, accompanied by Mr. J. Cowdery and Mrs. E. Digby, drove the Royal Horse Guards entry in the coaching marathon



Another entry in the same event was driven by Mr. F. D. Nicholson, who numbered Mrs. Nicholson and Mr. R. C. Parker among the passengers



Waiting to join the Meet in the grand ring was the Countess of Londesborough and Miss Pamela Rowcliffe



Modern followers of the famous hunt, which ceased its activities in 1892, were the Hon. Mrs. Freeman Thomas and Mrs. Edgar



Major Stirling-Stuart and Major and Mrs. John Pope were also taking part in this unusually interesting hunting pageant



Dashingly attired as Regency bucks, Mr. David Somerset and Mr. John Hamilton-Stubber were going to join the Meet

Desmond O'Neill

AT THE RACES

Racing Map Is Gory

• Sabretache •

IT may not have occurred to everybody to reflect upon the fact that so many of our leading centres of sport are connected with bloodshed, either wholesale, which is war, and held to be legitimate, or retail, which means just plain murder of the kind that usually leads to the Old Bailey and an uncomfortably tight necktie. But take a look at them and the evidence is overwhelming! Few people who go to Newbury, for instance, may pause to reflect that it has two quite bloody battles to its credit! Then there is Newmarket, absolutely dripping with gore, and the peaceful hamlet of Exning, formerly Ixning, named from the warlike tribe of the Icen.

There are also scattered over the map of this country places like Towton in the West Riding, which holds pride of place for the number of troops involved. Then there is Edgehill near Kineton, where the Warwickshire kennels are, and a real good part of the country forebys; Naseby, "The Crowning Mercy" (Worcester), Bosworth Field, Senlac Hill and hosts of others.

ALL these, however, were "legitimate slaughters," i.e. wars, but usually associated with the hot-blooded murder of all prisoners. For illegitimate murder, however, I think that Goodwood, that most pleasant racing centre, which we owe to the third Duke of Richmond, can claim pretty nearly the most sanguinary and brutal record. At one end "The Murder of the Unknown Sailor," which has caused Hindhead to be haunted, presumably in perpetuity; in the middle "The Murder by the Smugglers," a grisly crime, which outdoes almost all records in the grim *Newgate Calendar*; and at the far end "The Murder of the Duke of Buckingham" at Portsmouth by that disgruntled officer, Fenton; to say nothing about what happened to the good-looking Monmouth, who with Grey, Buise, Roper and others had his own private pack of hounds at Charlton, one time called "The Melton of the South," and very well known when Goodwood had been hardly heard of. James II caught all those involved at the Battle of Sedgemoor bar Roper, who used to hunt the hounds from Charlton.

IT seems so mightily incongruous that Goodwood and its environs should collect such an unsavoury and bloody record; but so it is. In spite of all this I hope that everyone is going to keep his eye on a horse called Osborne whenever and wherever he runs, because I feel that he is a better long-journeyman than Premonition; and that means a very good horse indeed. Ridden differently he must have won the 2 miles 70 yards Winston Churchill Stakes at Hurst Park on June 6. He was getting 7 lb. from Premonition and was only beaten a short head, and it might have been a length the other way if he had not been sacrificed to his stable companion.

In fine, Osborne must be marked "To be backed next time out."

This second serious accident in which Gordon Richards has been involved must, it seems, put an end to his race-riding activities for, at the best, a great part of this season. Any spinal injury is necessarily crippling at the time and sometimes enduring. There are many racing and hunting people who have had similar misfortunes to that of Gordon Richards, so let us hope he will be among the lucky ones who have recovered completely.





HER MAJESTY AT SANDOWN PARK, where she went to see her horse Landau run in the Eclipse Stakes. She was here walking to the paddock with Major R. Macdonald-Buchanan, a steward of the meeting

Social Journal

Jennifer

The Queen At Windsor Saw Country Pride

THE Queen made two visits to the Royal Show organized by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, which took place this year in Windsor Great Park. On the first day she arrived in the morning and made a tour of many of the exhibits, which included a splendid display of British workmanship. She was joined by the Duke of Edinburgh for luncheon in the Royal Pavilion with some of the officials of the show.

After luncheon, wearing a pale blue coat and small blue and yellow hat, the Queen presented the gold medal of the R.A.S. to Sir John Russell for his services to agriculture, and a number of long service medals. Then with the Duke she drove round the arena of the Grand Ring to the Royal Box where she was greeted by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Digby, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, the latter in a royal blue and cerise printed silk dress and small cerise cap, and Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith.

Six hundred prize-winning cattle lining up in rows across the vast ring were then paraded past the Royal Box. Next came the final judging for the champion hunter, from among all the first and second prizewinners of the hunter classes at the show. Mr. W. H. Cooper's grand chestnut Mighty Atom, ridden by Mr. Lester, was soon chosen champion, but the judging of reserve champion was not so quick and the judges took some time deciding between Mr. Reg Hindley's Mighty-Rare, the Duchess of Norfolk's Prince Prudent ridden by his owner, and Mr. Haldin's Earmark ridden by Count Orsich. Eventually they decided in favour of the first named. Then the Queen came down into the ring and presented the handsome challenge cup to Mighty Atom's rider.

LATER in the afternoon there was a most interesting and picturesque parade of historic carriages, and an old-time Meet of the Royal Buckhounds. The latter had been produced and rehearsed in the park at Badminton by

the Duchess of Beaufort, who, wearing a blue velvet habit, rode to the Meet herself. Others taking part in this colourful piece of pageantry were Mrs. Violet Kingscote in a flowing black velvet riding habit with touches of red, Major Stirling-Stuart, Major and Mrs. "Gar" Barker, Major and Mrs. John Pope and the Hon. Mrs. Freeman Thomas. The Duchess of Devonshire dressed in a period costume of primrose yellow silk, and Mrs. Bay Garle in prune velvet, were both driving old fashioned carriages in this parade which included a horse bus, a mail coach, a waggonette (which is the equivalent to the modern charabanc) and several up-to-date carriages from the Royal Mews, drawn by horses from the Royal stables with coachmen and postillions in the Royal livery.

Watching this performance I saw Baroness Burton, the Hon. Hugh and Lady Helen Smith, Mr. Denis Daly, who is in the Life Guards, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Van Burdon, Sir Eric Gooch and Mrs. Curzon-Howe-Herrick with her daughter Marigold. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Penn Curzon-Howe-Herrick, was one of the stewards of the Grand Ring with Major Philip Pease, Lord Leigh and Earl St. Aldwyn, who takes farming very seriously and is a great champion of British farmers in the Upper House.

★ ★ ★

UNDOUBTEDLY the ball of the year was the one which the Countess of Dunraven gave for her daughters Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin at Petworth House, which Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham kindly lent for the occasion. It was a brilliant affair, and an evening which both the older and younger guests all enjoyed tremendously and will remember for many years to come.

Everything was perfectly arranged in a most magnificent setting. It is very rare to find a house of this size today in any country in such good condition, and full of so many priceless treasures as there are at Petworth. The Square Room, which in prewar days was used by the late Lord Leconfield and his family as the dining-room, was used for dancing. Guests strolled through, or sat out in the long suite of beautifully proportioned sitting-rooms, including the library, the white and gold drawing-room with its superb chandelier, and the Great Room, with its Grinling Gibbons carvings. They admired the old Dutch masters hanging on the walls, and the Turner Room, full of works of the great landscape artist who spent many months at Petworth painting the surrounding views when (I was told) he was paid three pounds a week and told to hurry along with his work. One of his pictures, beautifully lit near the window shows a view of the home park with deer peacefully grazing, a scene which happily remains unchanged to this day.

SUPPER was served in "The Gallery" at the end of this suite of rooms, and it was warm enough to stroll outside, where a dance floor had been laid out under the magnificent floodlit trees beside one of the vast lawns, where musicians in gaily coloured satin shirts were playing Continental tunes. Crowning the scene, nearly all the women wore tiaras and exquisite jewels with their beautiful dresses, and though the débutantes did not possess such jewels, they all wore their most charming ball gowns for this great occasion.

The flowers aroused everyone's admiration. Of all the occasions I have been to this season, the flowers at this one were outstandingly the most beautiful. They had been arranged by the Countess of Dunraven with the help of Mrs. John Wyndham and Mr. Streeter, the head gardener at Petworth. Lady Dunraven told me that much of the credit for the effect must go to Mr. Streeter, who had not only helped to arrange many of the flowers, especially the lilies of the valley, but had grown most of them, all being perfect in shape and size.

As one entered, on each side of the stairs was a solid bank of deep blue delphiniums, and red and white flowers. In the vast entrance hall a big soup tureen was filled with about a hundred flame-coloured roses, and inside the big old-fashioned fireplace was a bed of giant lilies of the valley in full flower, cleverly lit from beneath.

I did not see a bowl of mixed flowers anywhere in the house. In one room there were huge vases of pink carnations, and bowls of pink sweet peas, another room was all glorious red roses, another all



Between innings the Rev. R. G. Rawstorne, an Old Etonian, drank a cup of tea and chatted with his wife



A keenly interested spectator, the Queen Mother was welcomed by Viscount Cobham, M.C.C. chairman, and Viscountess Cobham



Mrs. S. J. Cregeen and Mr. Peter Cregeen discussed batting performances during an afternoon interval

Harrow Defeated Eton In Some Eventful Cricket At Lords

pink roses, and in the small room adjoining the Square Room, where dancing also took place, the vases were filled with giant Sweet Williams.

THE Countess of Dunraven, lovely in a blue wild silk dress with a magnificent diamond tiara and other fine jewels, received the guests with her daughters Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline, both radiant and obviously enjoying this wonderful evening. Melissa was in a pretty green organza dress and Caroline in an enchanting gown of white pleated linen.

Princess Alexandra, also looking radiant in white, was among this year's débutantes thoroughly enjoying the ball, and was dancing untiringly on the outside dance floor much of the evening. Since Henri d'Orléans, eldest son of the Comte de Paris, and his wife, who had Princess Alexandra stay with them and their children when she was finishing in Paris, was among the young dancers, as was Princess Margaretha of Sweden. More than 800 guests were at this ball including many members of the Diplomatic Corps. Lady Dunraven's three sisters Mrs. Carol Carstairs, Mrs. Woolcott Blair, and Mrs. Harry Payne Ingham had all travelled from New York for their nieces' coming-out, and there were many friends from Ireland where the Dunravens have a lovely home. The Earl of Dunraven was helping to look after the guests, also Mr. John Wyndham and his beautiful wife who wore a diamond tiara with her silver grey lace dress. Their six-year-old son Max came down for an hour before midnight and sat near the band taking the greatest interest in everything. When he went to bed he must have dreamt of this fairy tale scene.

Among those I saw enjoying this ball were the

Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the latter wearing a beautiful diamond tiara with a scarlet evening dress, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Prince Napoleon Murat over from France, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Bute, wearing a colossal emerald set as a pendant, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava wearing her clover leaf design tiara, the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro and the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the latter in black with a tiara.

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Cranborne were there, also Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the latter in black with a diamond tiara, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, and Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who themselves gave a delightful small party in London a few nights later, brought a big party of friends over from their Sussex home, including Baron and Baronne de Cabrol and Lord and Lady Bruntisfield.

Others I saw were Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, who had come up from Wiltshire, Lord and Lady Ashcombe, Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Thursby, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, and Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, the latter wearing perhaps the most beautiful dress at the ball, Balmain's pale blue taffeta *grande robe de soir*, with a wide pink taffeta sash, and an exquisite diamond necklace. The Earl and Countess of Limerick, Mrs. Jean Garland, who came with Lord and Lady Manton and Sir Eric Miéville, Lady Howard de Walden who brought a party, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold—the latter who looked very pretty in pale blue satin and recalling many happy Christmases she had spent at Petworth House with her family—were other guests.

Friends from Ireland I met included Capt. Peter Fitzgerald, R.N., and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beaumont the joint-Masters of the "Killing" Kildares, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy and Brig. and Mrs. Anthony Wingfield, who brought their débutante daughter Deirdre. There were also many of last year's débutantes at the dance, and some a year or two older. Among the young people I saw Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, Mr. Nicholas Eden, the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, the Hon. Sarah Montagu, Sir Thomas Pilkington, Miss Jennifer Burrows, Miss Gloria Abbey, Lord O'Neill and his sister the Hon. Fionn O'Neill, and many more I have not space to mention.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE been on many occasions to the Independence Day reception at the U.S. Embassy residence in Prince's Gate, but I think that the one given this year by the Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich was one of the biggest I have attended. There were, I believe, between three and four thousand guests and an hour after the party started a long queue still stretched right out into the main road of Knightsbridge. For two and a half hours the Ambassador and his wife stood shaking hands with friends who included many Ambassadors and their wives, members of both Houses of Parliament, senior officers of the U.S. Services in this country, some from our three Services, members of the American colony in London and their visiting fellow countrymen.

The Aldrichs, who have now been here more than a year, are a very popular and likeable

[Continued overleaf]



Studying their race cards before the big race of the day were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Laing and Mr. John Haldane



Miss U. Parkin and Miss E. Parkin were visitors from Hampshire, while Miss S. Croker (centre) came from Bedfordshire



Miss Deirdre Reid (right) accompanied the Countess of Rosebery and her son, Lord Primrose, to watch the racing

Racegoers Who Saw King Of The Tudors Win The Eclipse Stakes At Sandown



Waiting to receive their guests were the hostess, Lady Clark, Miss Jennifer Clark, who came out two years ago, Sir Andrew Clark, Q.C., and Miss Susan Clark, for whom the dance was given

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Guests Of The U.S. Made Record Queue

couple and have increased their British friends tenfold since coming to the Embassy.

In the evening the Ambassador presided at the annual Independence Day dinner and ball of the American Society in London at the Dorchester. With Mrs. Aldrich and Mr. Hubert B. Chappel, this year's hon. chairman of the Society, and Mrs. Chappel, his Excellency once again stood receiving another 450 guests with no sign of fatigue and a cheerful smile for everyone. This was a most enjoyable evening, with the singing of "God Save The Queen" and "The Star Spangled Banner" at the end of a delicious, well-chosen and superbly cooked three-course dinner, with saddle of lamb as the main dish. Between the entrée and sweet, everyone joined, in true American style, in singing traditional songs including "Dixie Land," "My Old Kentucky Home" and ending with "Oh! What a Beautiful Morning."

THERE were just three excellent and interesting speeches. First Mr. Aldrich referred very enthusiastically to Anglo-U.S. relations and the trip he made to Washington to be present when our Prime Minister was there. He was followed by Mr. Chappel who proposed "The Guests" with a witty speech to which the guest of honour, Sir Raymond Evershed, Master of the Rolls, replied. Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C. and his wife, Lord and Lady Baillieu, Nancy Viscountess Astor, who sat between Viscount Trenchard and Lord Aldenham, Mr. Walton Butterworth, Minister at the U.S. Embassy, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Gordon of the U.S. Embassy, Mrs. Warren Pearl who was in a big family party with her son Mr. Stuart Pearl, hon. chairman of the Society, and his wife, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston and Brig.-Gen. Wade H. Hayes, were among those I noticed listening to the speeches intently. Later many of the guests stayed on for dancing. These included Mr. Henry and Lady Bridget Garnett, Lord and Lady Webb-Johnson, Miss Roddy Warren Pearl, Mr. Stephen Robinson and Rear-Admiral Tulley Shelley who

had Lord and Lady Monson among his guests. Pictures of the occasion will be found on page 119.

YET another big dance was the one Sir Andrew and Lady Clark gave at Hutchinson House for their débutante daughter Susan, and for their elder daughter Jennifer who came out two years ago. Not only were all this year's débutantes present, but it seemed that most of the girls who have made their début during the past two or three years and many of their parents were among the eight hundred guests.

Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, the latter in a maize-coloured satin dress with a topaz tiara and necklace, received the guests with Susan, who wore a primrose yellow organza crinoline which she had designed herself, and Jennifer in green organza. As Sir Andrew is a leading figure in the legal world, it was not surprising to find many friends from that profession at the ball. These included Sir Frank and Lady Soskice, Sir Charles and Lady Doughty who gave a dinner party for the dance, Sir Charles Harman who dined with his host and hostess, as did Lady Shawcross, who looked lovely in a cream and silver brocade dress with a diamond necklace. Sir Hartley Shawcross came later in the evening.

Other friends I met at the ball were the Countess of Listowel and her daughter Lady Deirdre Hare, Major and Mrs. Grant Ferris and their débutante daughter Sheira who was in a full-skirted white dress, Mr. and Mrs. Bridges Webb who brought their son and daughter and gave a dinner party for the dance, Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior who brought their daughter Susan and a party, and Lady Anne Fummi, another dinner hostess, who was talking to Mrs. des Graz. Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, Major Robert and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, Sir Peter and Lady Norton-Griffiths, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale and the Hon. Mrs. George Spencer were others who had given dinner parties.

Young people present included Miss Sarah



Enjoying this excellent dance were Miss Susan Hanbury, Mr. Rupert Gentle, Miss Gwenda Mark and Mr. Jan Darnley-Smith

CARRIAGES DROVE to Hutchinson House for the brilliant coming-out dance given for Miss Susan Clark by her mother, Lady Clark. Some eight hundred guests were present, and had a delightful evening

Chester Beatty, Miss Caroline Sale, Mr. John Miles Huntington-Whiteley, Miss Beverly Snyder pretty in pale mauve, the Earl of Brecknock, the Hon. Sarah Montagu, Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune, Miss Jacynth Lindsay and Miss Mariagold Evans-Bevan.

At first the ballroom was slightly crowded, but later many young guests found their way out into the garden. Here chairs and tables had been arranged on the lawn, fairy lights hung festooned across the trees around the wall, while a cleverly-lit beer garden was at one end and a gipsy band played softly in the corner.

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A BIG crowd gathered at Sandown to watch the race for the Eclipse Stakes, won by Mr. F. W. Dennis's King of the Tudors from Sir Percy Loraine's Darius with the Queen's Landau third. Landau was ridden by Sir Gordon Richards, whose serious accident whilst riding the Queen's filly Abergeldie in the paddock before the next race saddened the afternoon for all who heard the news. The Queen, who was at Sandown to see her horses run, had only just left the paddock, where she had been talking to her trainer Mr. Noel Murless and Sir Gordon, when the accident happened, and was especially shocked and distressed when she was told. Everyone will wish the champion jockey a steady recovery to full health and as much success as a trainer as he has had in the saddle, when he takes out a trainer's licence.

Sandown, which is one of the best-run racecourses in the country, looked at its best. Watching the horses under the big trees fringing the paddock, I saw Lady Caroline Gilmour with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, also Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, whose two pretty daughters-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Wentworth Beaumont and the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Beaumont, were watching a race together in the members' enclosure. Here, too, were the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, Cdr. and Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller, he having a well-earned Saturday afternoon off from political duties, Mrs. Misa, who is back from Hong Kong for the summer, and Baron and Baronne Guy de Waldener over from France to see their horse *Damelot* run.

★ ★ ★

THE Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, who are an accomplished host and hostess, gave a delightful buffet supper party in their fine Embassy in Grosvenor Square. On arrival guests were received by their charming host and hostess in the first floor reception rooms. While they were sipping an Italian apéritif they were able to admire the magnificent tapestries and beautiful furniture, the latter including many



A merry trio on this occasion were Mr. David Innes, Miss Lucinda Leveson Gower and Mr. Oliver Colthurst



Mr. Timothy Royle and Miss Philippa Samuelson sat out between dances and chatted over a drink and a cigarette



Among the older guests who had come to greet a new débutante were Mrs. Tankerville-Chamberlayne and Col. T. S. Sale

exquisite pieces of Chinese lacquer. While looking at these treasures I met Lord and Lady Killearn who were conversing with Lord and Lady Man-croft, the tall and lovely Princess of Berar, the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, the former looking very fit as a result of Swiss sunshine, for while deputizing for Mr. Anthony Eden at Geneva he and his staff, whenever possible, used the quiet and peaceful garden to compile reports of the various conferences.

Also at the party was Rafaella Duchess of Leinster, another resident of Grosvenor Square, Lord and Lady Silkin, and Lord and Lady Harvey who were both greeting friends they had not seen since their return from Paris where Lord Harvey, then Sir Oliver Harvey, was our Ambassador.

Soon guests moved into the farthest drawing-room, where chairs had been arranged in rows, to listen to songs by three Italian artists who are appearing at Glyndebourne this season. First they heard Antonio Cassinelli, who has a fine bass voice which was perfect in that room. He was followed by Juan Orcina, one of Italy's best tenors, and lastly soprano Graziella Sciutti who has been singing the part of Rosina in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* at Glyndebourne this season. These were enjoyable performances which were much appreciated by everyone present.

AMONG the audience were two former British Ambassadors in Rome, Lady Loraine who sat on a sofa in the second drawing-room, and Lady (Noel) Charles. Three Members of Parliament there, who had to slip away before the end of the songs to vote in a division in the House, were Sir David Eccles, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Mr. "Chips" Channon. Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Lady (Charlotte) Bonham Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson, and Viscount and Viscountess Jowitt were among just over a hundred guests enjoying this very pleasant musical evening in enchanting surroundings.

LATER everyone went down to the dining-room where a delicious fork supper of Italian and other dishes was arranged on the long dining-room table in the centre of the floor. Guests helped themselves and then went to join their friends at small candlelit tables around the room. Here I saw the Belgian Ambassador, whose wife the Marquise du Park Locmaria was sitting at a table with Major-General Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe in pale pink satin, Lord and Lady Grantchester, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., who had just arrived from the House of Commons, and Mr. William Mabane, a knight-to-be in the recent Birthday Honours List.

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ETON and Harrow's annual cricket match at Lords is always eclipsed by the social side of the event. This year Eton, who had a very moderate eleven, suffered a severe defeat when Harrow won by nine wickets. The outstanding player of the match was A. R. B. Neame, who took four Eton wickets for forty-seven runs on the first day, and seven wickets for thirty runs in their second innings. As usual, there was much enter-

taining in the arbors, private boxes, club tents, and the coaches around the ground. Earl and Countess Cadogan and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Winter, whose youngest son N. A. J. Winter captained the Eton XI, were among those with boxes, while Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gold, Sir Humphrey Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, the latter looking very pretty in blue and white, were dispensing hospitality around their coaches.

Walking around the ground I met Lt.-Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers Douglas, who are shortly off to Ireland to fish, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale with their two sons delighted at Harrow's victory, also Lady Dorothea Head and her sister Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, with their nephew Lord Ashley and a family party, and Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison with another family party including their granddaughter, Miss Sonia Pilkington, who will be among next season's débutantes. Viscount Kelburn with his son the Hon. Patrick Boyle, Mr. Derek Stanley Smith with the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, down from Yorkshire, and Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Baring with their two sons, were others there.

★ ★ ★

THE Eton Beagles Ball at the Dorchester was a very gay affair, with young people greatly in the majority. Besides an excellent dinner followed by dancing, there was a tombola with splendid prizes, several sidshows which caused much amusement, and a good cabaret. No one was more delighted by his luck at the tombola than Lord Burghley, who won a hunting horn, very appropriate for an M.F.H.! He and Lady Burghley brought a party including her young niece, Miss Davina Henderson, who has recently arrived from Australia.

Other family parties were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Shepherd and their son Gurney, who will be second whipper-in to the Eton Beagles next season, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanbury, and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. P. Proctor and their children, Mr. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Gold, who brought his daughters Meriel and Belinda and a young party, and Major Gerald Gundry, joint-Master of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, and Mrs. Gundry, whose young son, Mr. Simon Clark, has been master of the Beagles for the past year. He was in great form, dancing with Miss Sally St. George.

Also in this party were Major Gundry's mother, Mrs. Amory, Mrs. B. Shaw and her sons James and George, Mr. Frank Gardner, the hon. treasurer of the ball, and Miss Lindy Fuller. Other young boys and girls enjoying this happy annual event were Mr. Arthur Gooch, who takes over the mastership of the Beagles next half, Mr. Simon Ames, Miss Rose Lycett-Green, Mr. James Carver, who is second captain of the boats, Mr. Piers Birchall, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's son Mr. James Butler, Mr. Dominic Barrington-Browne, the first whip, and Mr. Colin Trotter, who was master of the Beagles when he was at Eton.

The dance given by Lady Keeling and Mrs. S. Hammersley, pictured in our issue of July 7, was held at Grosvenor House and not at the Dorchester Hotel. We tender our regrets for this inadvertent inaccuracy.



Happily sitting on the stairs were the Hon. Denys Buckley, his daughter Miss Jane Buckley, and the Hon. Martin Buckmaster



Miss Dinah Hartley and her partner, Mr. Charles Vincent, had just spotted some friends across the crowded dance floor

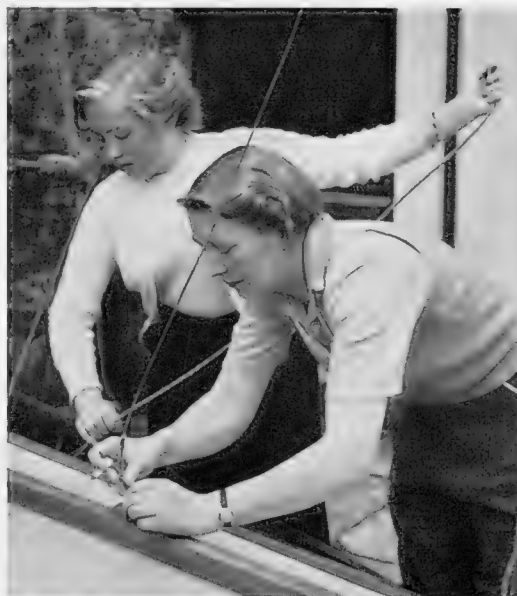
Swatbe



The spinnaker was drawing well on board Lumberjack, owned by the Hon. Max Aitken, somewhere off St. Catherine's. Yachts taking part ranged from sixteen-foot rating upwards

SMALL BOAT FIRST ROUND THE ISLAND

NO fewer than 132 starters of all classes took part in the Island Sailing Club's nineteenth "Round the Island Race," which was won by one of the smallest yachts, Mrs. H. Tobin's Babar. It rained at the start, but soon stopped, and enough breeze blew from the south-west all day to keep the boats moving. Principal trophy sailed for is the handsome Gold Roman Challenge Bowl



Miss J. M. Damant (right), a Rear-Commodore of the I.S.C., prepares a dinghy for another race with the help of Miss Hanne Grubb from Denmark



Watching marine activity from the Club steps were Mr. John Wroth, Miss Marily Mitchell, Miss Margaret Rayner and Mr. Eric Denham



Mrs. J. A. Wimshurst awaited her husband's return from racing with Mlle. Nicole Hugon, from Paris, and Juliet Wimshurst



Miss Caroline Perry, also a dinghy enthusiast, was being given some advice by her father, Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry, D.S.O.



The complement of the seven-ton sloop *Salamander* were discussing their experiences in the race. They were Mr. John Clifton, Lt.-Cdr. S. A. Hammick, R.N., Mrs. Hammick, Mrs. Clifton and Major R. S. Clifton



For B. C. Windeler, Vice-Commodore of the Club, and donor of the Bowl, with Mrs. Windeler



Mr. C. H. Hillier, the "Master Gunner," chatting to Mrs. Browne and Mr. C. A. Browne, owner of IOD Nautia



Informal meeting on the parade at Cowes: Mrs. F. B. Pinchard, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, Brig. F. B. Pinchard, Major L. L. S. Williams and Mr. Arthur C. Robb, the designer

Gabor Denes

Royal Weekend At Cowes

THE Duke of Edinburgh's only visit to Cowes this year—on board *Britannia*—coinciding with the Island Sailing Club's Round the Island Race and the Royal London Yacht Club's two-day regatta, seemed to revive for a weekend the splendour of this royal resort of yachting.

It was good to see *Britannia* in the anchorage with her guardship and joined later by the ocean minesweeper *Pickle* (commanded by Lt.-Cdr. Derek Hallifax, *Bluebottle's* previous sailing master) and surrounded by the many yachts of all shapes and sizes, which had come for the Round the Island event and for the start of the R.O.R.C. Cowes to Corunna race.

Although not an absolute record, the number of 132 starters in the Round the Island Race shows that interest in this event has not diminished, and I am certain that in no other race anywhere in the world can such a large fleet of cruising yachts be seen together. The Gold Roman Challenge Bowl, which was presented by Major B. C. Windeler, the present Vice-Commodore of the Island Sailing Club in 1931—a replica he had made of a Roman original excavated in the City—was won by a margin of two seconds on corrected time by *Babar*, a Lymington-Slipway five-tonner. Mrs. H. Tobin, her owner, told me that it is her second gold cup won this season; the first being the Sir Alfred Bossom Cup for the Poole Bar race. Her daughter Barbara and Mr. John Tapin, who is also a first-class skier, crewed her on both occasions.

I WAS on board the Hon. Max Aitken's fifty-one ton *Lumberjack* for the race, the only schooner in the fleet and a beautiful vessel, very well sailed by her owner. Unfortunately it was not her kind of weather, she likes a blow; only a week earlier she won the Royal Southern Y.C. Calshot to Le Havre race in excellent time, when conditions were pretty rough. We had a very pleasant sail round the Wight, however, and by tacking close to the north shore on the last, windward leg we managed to catch up with very good company and passed H. F. Gillham's *Joanne*, the winner of Division "B," among others, just before the finishing line.

The races in the Royal London Y.C. two-day regatta were well patronized. The Six Metres have made their belated appearance, and *Thistle* (Mrs. H. Dreyfus) beat *Marilette* (Lt.-Col. J. E. Harrison) on both days. The famous Danish Dragon, Thorkil Warrer's *Lil*, here for the Edinburgh Cup, had her first race in British waters this season on Sunday, but under the fluky conditions her performance was disappointing. *Coweslip*, sailed by the Duke of Edinburgh with Uffa Fox as crew, was second on the Saturday and, having carried a lead for quite a while, finished fourth on Sunday.

CLUBHOUSE of the Royal London is becoming the smartest in Cowes, thanks to two ladies, Mrs. H. R. Freemantle, wife of the Vice-Commodore, and Mrs. Max Aitken, wife of the Commodore, who have just completed the redecoration of the dining-room in excellent taste with their own hands.

Looking only a short way ahead, Cowes Week promises well. It is hoped that several of the visiting Dragons will stay on after the Edinburgh Cup, and Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry, owner of *Unique*, tells me that a good number of 5.5 metres will be racing in the Week itself and in the Olympic trial races to be held during the preceding week. The National Swallow Class and the X Class are both expecting record entries this year, and, according to the law of averages, the weather should be fine.

I was pleased to hear, on good authority, that Viscount Camrose is bringing *Virginia*, as his late father, who was Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, had been doing so for some years.

— Gabor Denes



A MEETING ON THE WING—metaphorically—at Earls Court where Belita and Max Wall, seen here as Josephine and Leopold, re-enact the frothiest of plots with massive support from the corps de ballet glaze and vast scenic effects

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations]
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"White Horse Inn" On Ice (Empress Hall)

AT this time of the year, no matter how wintry the weather, the West End theatre is overcome by summer drowsiness and nods comfortably off to sleep, like the fine old Edwardian gentleman it still is. Old productions duly tick on, but it may be quite a while before the sleeper awakes. The theatregoer is free meanwhile to sample the attractions put forward by the old gentleman's business rivals. Of these counter attractions none is thought to be more threatening than the ice show. Having already cashed in heavily on the popularity of Christmas pantomime, the promoters are now turning their attention to musical comedy.

This is obviously more refractory material, and the visiting theatregoer may well come away feeling that many of its difficulties have still to be mastered; but he is in no position to form this or any other opinion until he has come to terms with the unfamiliar and strangely daunting surroundings.

THESE surroundings are on a gargantuan scale which bewilders as well as impresses. The trickily lighted cavernous auditorium holds as many people as would fill he dare not guess how many theatres, and at least three circuses.

The place is as big as a railway station and not much more friendly. There is much more ice than he had expected, some twenty thousand square feet of it running up in a glistening oblong to a huge white sheet that might be cut up into several cinema screens. He supposes the screen is there to provide the scenic background for the skaters, for at the moment it exhibits (by back projection) an Austrian pine forest with trees as tall as real trees, but it turns out to be only a drop curtain. Perched remotely on what appears to be a mere ledge, an illuminated and, of course, amplified orchestra plays.

This orchestra suggests a circus; the ice rink a skating competition; the screen a cinema; and it is hard to know what is intended. However, these conflicting and dimly adumbrated suggestions are all momentarily dispersed

when the screen rolls up to disclose what appears to be a replica of reality—the White Horse Inn itself standing at the lakeside under the Dolomites exactly as visitors to St. Wolfgang remember it.

But with the emergence of a multitude of skaters wearing graceful fantastications of Tyrolean costume, so many different sorts of illusion begin to play with reality that there is no saying which is which or what is what. The skating is real and very beautifully done, but the skaters pretend to sing, and the singing comes in fact from a choir perched beside the orchestra. To make things even more difficult a skater skimming down the length of the rink will occasionally utter a more or less meaningless sound for the benefit of the nearest spectators. The theatregoer must also learn not to be surprised that the romantic and comic scenes are mimed with immense *panache* by the principals but actually spoken by diminutive figures at the microphones in the orchestra's eyrie. But he never quite gets rid of the impression that the air is full of disembodied voices seeking their proper bodies and that the bodies, darting hither and thither over the rink, are trying frantically to elude the pursuit.



THE EMPEROR Franz Josef—none other—is grandly played by Philip Tappin

MOST conventions, however odd, become acceptable in time, and so do these. It is then, alas, that the opinion begins to form that this long, involved and hopelessly trivial plot, viewed across an empty tract of ice, is too obviously what it is, a theatrical contrivance for pretty songs, a romantic exploitation of Tyrol much better left for theatrical use. It is only when the crowd takes over from the named personages of the plot, or when Miss Belita, Mr. Max Wall and other principals turn specifically to skating, that the show takes on its true character as a jolly and often ravishingly beautiful fancy dress carnival. The Marquartsteiner Schuhplattler dancers have a deservedly prominent place in this carnival, and there is an agreeable diversion by Noberti, who has an undeniable talent for stowing himself into cylinders.



Miss Courtneyidge had just received a very handsome bouquet from shy two-year-old Mary Poltera, who is the daughter of the general manager, and was offering her a rose from it as a souvenir

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE was guest of honour when a new restaurant, the Chateaubriand, was inaugurated at the May Fair Hotel. A distinguished gathering greatly admired the ingenuity shown in the restaurant's design, as well as the quality of the lunch they enjoyed



Mrs. Gerald Legge was chatting with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who were taking aperitifs



Lord Colville and Miss Priscilla Greville were two more of the specially invited guests



Mr. C. G. Cigolini, famous octogenarian maître d'hotel, who originated the new restaurant, M. Guido, manager of the Chateaubriand, Miss Sally Ann Howes, the actress, Mr. Leonard Jackson, Gordon Hotels chairman, and Mrs. Jackson

London Linelight



Frenzied gaiety by Istvam Robovsky and Nora Kovach smothers the witch's curse in "Esmeralda"

Curtain Calls to Freedom

"ESMERALDA," the first three-acter to be performed by the Festival Ballet, was a great favourite at the turn of the century, when full-blooded stories were popular as opposed to modern trivia. It is based on *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, a perennial winner in any form. But behind the greasepaint (as one's grandfathers enjoyed saying) are the central figures in as good a modern melodrama as could be contrived.

They are Nora Kovach who, with her husband Istvam Robovsky, escaped from behind the Iron Curtain to dance in freedom. She is Hungarian and was a ballerina of the Leningrad Ballet. He has been described, and by cognoscenti, as the greatest of living male dancers. The couple dance alternately with Natalie Krassovska and John Gilpin. The new choreography is by Nicholas Beriosoff, the Festival's own regisseur, whose daughter Svetlana is now with Covent Garden.

ROSE BRUFORD's students exhibited their skill at the Rudolf Steiner Theatre recently in a production of the Ackland version of *Crime and Punishment*. In many respects they put the older dramatic schools to shame, for they make their own costumes and scenery (one of those modern one-set designs) and the choice of a single play gave the enterprise a unity which a series of excerpts misses. The Steiner's lighting panel gave the only poor performance of the day and I hope that the managements have the good sense to note that Peter Palmer is likely to be a sound romantic actor. Godfrey Sheriff, Patsy Byrne and Linda Tilbury are also names for the register.

A PLAY by Patrick Cargill and Jack Beale called *Time On Their Hands* has been on view at the Q Theatre and I shall be very surprised if it does not reach the West End. If it does, let us hope that the cast is retained intact, for despite the paucity of big names the performances were faultless. This is a fair specimen of the sanatorium-and-patients-of-all-types story, full of laughter, tears, sunshine and tragedy, redeemed from becoming a routine affair by a real grasp of dialogue and the humanities.

Patrick McGoohan's Cockney was twice as subtle as anything at present on offer in Central London and William Franklyn (an R.A.F. type), John Springett (a miner) and Peter Kerr (a boy), could not be improved on. Homely heartrending stuff, midway between *Seagulls Over Sorrento* and *The Hasty Heart*, it is a sound contemporary example of good theatre. Greatness is not there, but the latter is not always a box-office commodity, and this, I suspect, is.

—Youngman Carter



THE BEAUMONT UNION held a dance at Ouseley Lodge, Old Windsor, after Henley Royal Regatta was over. During the evening, Mr. Leo Burgess, C.B.E., the secretary of the Union, and Mrs. Burgess were in conversation with the Rector of Beaumont College, Old Windsor, the Rev. Sir Lewis Clifford, Bart., S.J. (centre)



Nicholas Hardinge

Also at the Beaumont dance were Miss A. Bagshawe (top, left), Mr. M. McDowell, Mr. P. Churchill, Miss S. Gracie, Miss C. Longmire and Mr. K. Shilleto

Talk Around the Town

"CHURLISH" is how I described the weather this summer, but I had plenty of other words to choose from without resorting to bad language: "petulant," "sulky," "temperamental," or "cantankerous."

On second thoughts, I feel that "nondescript" is about the best word to use, not only for this alleged summer but of English weather altogether nowadays—winter, spring and autumn.

It is a word of polite contempt. And the more that one thinks on it the stronger becomes the feeling that it might in truth be applied to a good many other things to-day.

"Bogus" was a popular word of some twenty years ago and expressed a similar sort of malaise.

How would this sound: "My dear, he is

too, too nondescript for words"? Or could it be that the very word "nondescript" is too—*nondescript*?

★ ★ ★

BRIGHTON has reaped a rich reward from its discovery that Regency façades have merits other than as fronts for boarding-houses.

The Pavilion, in particular, has benefited. A few years ago local guide-books described its Oriental splendours as "architecturally contemptible" and as a "tasteless monstrosity." But along came Sir Osbert Sitwell to enquire "what other building exists in England or, as for that, in Europe, to compare with it in individuality and exotic beauty?"

Now the Pavilion is housing its fifth annual Regency Exhibition, and to the reconstruction, two years ago, of Mrs. Fitzherbert's drawing-room, has been added

"Princess Charlotte's bedroom," a fine piece of *chinoiserie*, with a bed which quite possibly the Princess did sleep in during a visit in 1816 before her marriage to Prince Leopold.

There is a rich flavour of waxed-fruit about the Pavilion. A corridor design incorporating bamboo, peonies, flowering plum trees and exotic birds must be seen to be believed. I might remark that there is an echo of this sort of thing at Buckingham Palace.

The small drawing-room from which the Royal Family step out on to the balcony is also of Oriental persuasion.

PROFESSOR EDMUND GILBERT, in a most fascinatingly documented story of the town, *Brighton: Old Ocean's Bauble* (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), which I have just been enjoying, quotes an 1872 analysis of the place which still has some pertinence.

"Take a portion of Old Quebec, a *quartier* of Hong-Kong, a bit of Delhi, a slice of Biarritz, a still larger slice of Belgravia, a few lanes from Whitechapel and a 'wynd' or two from Old Edinboro'; group them together, as well as the irregularities of a steep and rugged coast will allow, and you will then have a by no means exaggerated presentment of 'London by the Sea.'"

In Brighton one has a case history of an English dormitory town (surely a city by now?) during the past century plus, and in this light alone Professor Gilbert's book is good reading. The coming of the railway, the first town-planning, the early attempt at a green belt, the changing taste in entertainment—it is all in the pageant, with George IV., Harry Preston and that perhaps forgotten genius Magnus Volk who, in 1883, built the first electric railway in Great Britain, one which is still running along the seashore to Black Rock.

One thing I did not realise before was the origin of the numerous Montpeliers on the map. The name originally was a *cachet* borrowed from Montpellier, in the South of France, which was the fashionable Riviera from the end of the eighteenth century onwards, until Nice and Monte Carlo offered their mistral-free climates.

THE time-table of the coach which Mr. Saunders Watney arranged to drive down to Brighton this month sheds some light on a point which occurred to me the other day when re-reading one of Thackeray's travel stories; how often were coaching horses changed on a journey?

The time-table for this summer's run called for a change about every nine miles

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Stands to reason, if you want a healthy digestion give it plenty of exercise"

and the distance was to be covered in 8½ hours' travelling time, the total distance by road being 63 miles (from the West End to the Royal Albion). In the golden age of coaching the best times were around six hours.

George IV.—as a young man—once covered the distance on horseback in ten hours, which one would imagine must have left him eating his meals off the mantelpiece for a couple of days, unless he was as well upholstered in youth as he was in later years. He did the same journey by phaeton, with three horses tandem, in 4½ hours.

For those who know the famous road, the stopping points are the Plough at Pyecombe, Castle at Hicksted, Red Lion at Handcross, Star at Rusper, the Burford Bridge, Spread Eagle at Epsom and Robinhood at Robinhood Gate.

I once sat on the top of the late Mr. Bertram Mills's coach for a run into Rochester. One felt dangerously exposed, perched up there, and the better able to appreciate road perils in the days when smashes and ditchings were common-place.

★ ★ ★

THE most widely observed of recent Flying Saucers over London was perhaps of greatest interest to students of mass psychology.

People believed themselves quite precise in their descriptions of the object. Among those I noted were that it was:—

"A triangular thing."

"A very long cylinder."

"Just what you'd expect—saucer-like."

"An exclamation mark."

It turned out to be a plump balloon sent up by Bristol University for experimental purposes.

That evening I was reading Arnold Bennett's diary for the year 1903. On the evening of October 19th *pompier*s hurried to a fire-call from the Comédie Française.

Everyone had charged for the exits.

One woman reported the auditorium as full of smoke. Another had seen the flames dancing around the chandelier.

"Yet there was no fire at all," recorded Bennett, "a spectator, feeling ill, had gone out into the *couloir* of the fourth gallery to take the air, he fainted, fell against the door of a *loge* and upset some chairs."

One supposes that someone had then cried "Fire!" People's imaginations did the rest.

Many who blame newspaper reporters for seeming inaccuracies might be more tolerant if they only knew what fantastically opposed accounts "eye-witnesses" are capable of giving of the same incident.

★ ★ ★

A BANQUET, the other day, reversed the usual order of things and the speeches were delivered to the seated guests before the lunch.

Good to get them over while the cocktails are still potent, you might say; but there is a catch.

An hour or so later, with the sweets over and coffee being served, more than one guest lit a cigarette. This was the moment which presumably the toast-master had been hanging-on for. He banged back into action.

"Your Grace"—who was one of those smoking—"my lords, ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for the Loyal Toast."

But suppose the Toast had been given before the soup, would not several guests have been tempted to light cigarettes all during the lunch, and thus despoil good food?

My own feeling, as the most temperate of smokers, is that the time may now have come when the Queen's name might well be separated from a toast which also becomes one of loyalty to tobacconists.

I have long given up trying to justify the tradition to enquiring foreigners.

—Gordon Beckles



R.M.A., Sandhurst, Was En Fête for Army Cadets' Summer Ball, Attended by More Than 500 Guests

Going to see the after-supper cabaret were Miss Pamela Allcock, Mr. Daniel Dane, Miss Janet Dane, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Dane



Major L. P. Critchley, M.B.E., chairman of the Ball Committee, with Mrs. Critchley and Major and Mrs. D. R. M. Owen



Miss Maureen Kinally, Mr. John Antrobus (he was twenty-one that day), Miss Judith Sutherland Wilkins and Mr. Michael O'Hagan



At the entrance to the club were Mr. A. Naylor, Mrs. C. A. Dennett, a member of the Council of the Over-Seas League, Mr. B. H. de Beer, Miss G. Powell, Mrs. M. A. Jessop, Mrs. E. Nebard and Mr. H. R. S. Mackintosh

FANFARE OF TRUMPETS AT THE EMPIRE BALL

A DISPLAY given on the floodlit lawns of the Hurlingham Club by the massed bands and state trumpeters of the Life Guards and Irish Guards was the highlight of the British Commonwealth and Empire Ball. Foremost among the 600 guests were the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alice



The High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Thomas White, with his daughters Miss Judith and Miss Lilian White, had won prizes on the tombola and were chatting to Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong and Mrs. David Carron



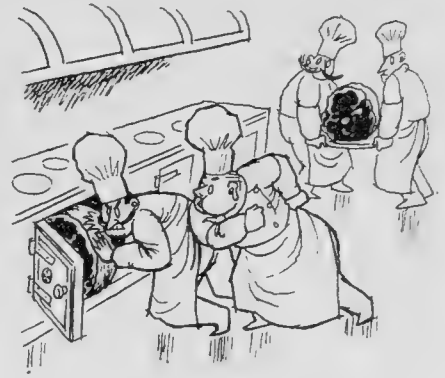
Guests were dancing in three ballrooms, but Miss Sally Kühle and Mr. Alan Murdoch preferred to sit out for a while



Miss Pamela Ruck-Keene, a 1953 debutante, chatted to Mr. John Trevor, a cousin of the Earl of Buckinghamshire



Having a champagne supper together, which later merged into breakfast, were Miss June Peters and Dr. R. J. Coogan



DINING OUT

Smugglers' Day Is Now Past

NO one can deny that the restaurants of many of the big hotels have—labouring against great difficulties—lost gastro-nomic prestige during the past fifteen years.

Not for them the suit-case full of illegal steaks, the laundry basket full of smuggled eggs.

Limited companies could not risk indulging in the Black Market deals that sent their customers to small Soho resorts, to certain flourishing "dining clubs" and to City chop-houses, when they wanted an ampler meal than the law allowed.

Now all that is history, and the eternal chicken as a staple dish can take its proper (and modest) place on the menu.

Something of this came to mind during the fuss about the future of the Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly, whose place in London life has been a considerable one for many years.

THE whole ground floor of the BERKELEY, save for a minute lobby, is given over to the pleasures of eating and drinking. You have a selection of three atmospheres.

The Restaurant has had space chopped off it in favour of a bigger cocktail lounge, but there is the minimum of a dance place still left. Atmosphere is always intimate here; but the evening dress rule has recently been dropped. A pity. Open until about 2 a.m. Minimum charge 27s. 6d.

The adjacent Grill is at its best at lunch, and is quieter in the evenings.

Next door is the Buttery, the first of the clan. It almost enjoyed the lean years of the war, because it was never made for heavy meals. Always crowded, busy and usually gay with the younger generation.

ACROSS the way from the Berkeley, the new restaurant in the May Fair Hotel, the CHATEAUBRIAND, might well have been called the Lefort, for that was the name of the chef who gave a place in gastronomic history to his master, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand. The latter was French Ambassador in London in the eighteen-twenties.

Like the Berkeley and the near-by Coq d'Or, the cocktail foyer is an integral part of the restaurant. The décor is of sunshine yellow and blue, with a splurge of beefy red at one end where a chef presides over a revolving spit. No dancing because no room for it. The atmosphere that the decorator has achieved is just gay enough not to disturb the appetite.

—I. Bickerstaff



Archdeacon F. B. C. Birch, from Brisbane, Lady Worsley, Mrs. Beauchamp-Hazlewood, from New Zealand, and Mrs. C. W. Parker, from Saskatchewan, were being entertained by Mr. E. Beauchamp-Hazlewood



Watching the guests arrive were Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt and Lady Harcourt, a member of the committee



The High Commissioner for Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Sir Gilbert Rennie, was there with Lady Rennie



Sharing a table for the evening were (clockwise) Mrs. Ronald Seton, Mr. Maurice Fowler, Mrs. William Miller, Mrs. and Mr. R. H. Rockliff, Mr. David Adams, Mrs. Maurice Fowler and Col. Ronald Seton

Van Hallan



F. J. Goodman

MLLE. ANNE-MARIE DE JANZÉ, daughter of the Comte de Janzé and his wife, is here in her flat in the Rue Charles-Lamoureux. She is studying painting. Her father is a relative of Lord Methuen the artist, and her mother was formerly Miss Elisabeth Gore-Moule, of Melbourne

Priscilla in Paris

The Tourists In Full Flood

THE Grand Prix is over and Parisians are celebrating Popof's victory by popoffing off to the mountains, the sea and the country as quickly as possible. The faster Paris empties, however, the quicker it fills up again and one is reminded of the ghastly sums of one's childhood: "If a leaking reservoir loses 'so much' per hour but, on the other hand, gains 'so much' per hour when it rains, how long will it take to empty itself entirely?"

Perhaps this is not a very good example. I can hear the bright boy of the class declare: "It depends on the weather, sir!" But where Paris is concerned the bright boy would not be so bright. The

perfectly foul weather we are having seems to be no deterrent to visitors and while the south and south-west exits from town pour forth an incessant stream of departing holidaymakers, the north and north-east entrances open widely for the visiting arrivals, and the streets are positively garlanded with multicoloured touring coaches (containing equally multicoloured tourists) in a tail-light-to-bonnet-procession.

ONLY the other evening I found my own quiet neighbourhood invaded. Although it was well past visiting hours the Place before the Invalides was filled by more than a dozen coaches. At least a hundred sightseers (leftovers from the crowded terrace of the only café on that spot) were

standing in the avenue de Breteuil. They were all gazing upwards at the gilded dome under which Napoleon sleeps in his opulent, but oppressive, marble mausoleum.

"What on earth . . ." I wondered (for of course dwellers in great cities know so little about the grand, yet free, sights of their town) . . . "are they doing here at this time of the evening?" I was answered almost immediately. Dusk had deepened and suddenly the dull sheen of the gilt-decked dome shone with a warm, burnished glow in the rays of the illuminating, "concealed" lighting. Against the summer sky it was very beautiful and my heart missed a beat or two at the tranquil, grandiose beauty of Nature and Artifice so perfectly in accord.

Visitors to Paris must make a point of not missing this or, on any Sunday evening throughout the year, of seeing the illuminated spire of the Sainte Chapelle that, in winter, emerges from the darkness so exquisitely. Of course, so far as entertainment goes, there are the night clubs, too! But that is *une autre histoire!*

A POST-GRAND-PRIX Charity Ball, at Versailles, given to raise funds for the *Ligue Contre le Cancer* was extremely successful although so many charity-ball habitués had left Paris. The open air was very open and more mink was worn than muslin. Quite a few chilly males kept their coats on. Minister Sarraut, who escorted Madame René Coty—the President was away on other charities bent—wore a most romantic evening cape but M. Gerard Bauer wrapped himself up in a woolly scarf. The princesse Ghislaine of Monaco, in a sensational frock and even more sensational headdress, wandered about the grounds on a gaily caparisoned donkey which was as good a way as any of keeping warm. She looked very lovely for she has changed very little since, laureate of the Paris Conservatoire of Dramatic Art, she played for several seasons at the Théâtre de l'Odéon that has now become the "Salle Luxembourg" of the Comédie Française.

IT was at this party that I heard young Janine X . . . holding forth with such imperturbable aplomb about "Life and Literature in London" that I was rather staggered. Janine is one of our most charming starlets but not particularly a student of *belles lettres*. I caught her eye and lifted my eyebrows. A few moments later she edged over to where I was sitting (not in mink, alas!) with my feet tucked under me.

"How come?" I asked. She blushed. "I've been reading René Elvin's articles on London in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. M. Machin-Chose was listening and I think I've landed an engagement. Don't give me away!" I haven't! Janine X . . . is anybody now, but if she continues to make such good use of her reading, she will soon be Somebody!

Enfin!

● When a man says: "What do I care for public opinion!" it shows how greatly he is thinking of it.



ALICE'S BRIGHT GHOST HAUNTED IN SUNSHINE

UNDER the tower of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, which watched the original Alice at play, the immortal child was re-created by a company of student players, in a last informal frolic before leaving the University. Here, Alice (Juliet Duncombe, a distant relative of the author) studies her cues with the Lewis Carroll of the play, Gerald Barlow. Carroll was a Canon of Christ Church, and it was in the secluded garden of one of his successors that the play adapted from his book was given

[OVER

WONDERLAND CAME TRUE IN AN OXFORD GARDEN

STUDENTS, dons, and a good proportion of children watched with delight the embodiment of "Alice in Wonderland" in the Priory House garden of Christ Church, so long and closely associated with the Rev. Lutwidge Dodgson. The creatures of his brain were all there, and the lines were pure Carroll—not a word was used not in the book itself. He would surely have approved of so true and gay an embodiment of his fantasy



The Queen of Hearts (Dylis Hamlett) goes to play croquet, shouting "Off with his head" at anyone in sight, followed by the strangest set of courtiers ever imagined. The cast were nearly all undergraduates, most of whom had been prominent in theatrical activities at the University in the last three years



In sunlight broken by the shade of leaves, Tweedledum and Tweedledee—Ned Sherrin and Desmond O'Donovan, who have distinguished themselves as University revue producers—recite "The Walrus and the Carpenter" to a suitably impressed Alice. The whole production had been rehearsed in four days, after examinations had ended



"I speak severely to my boy. . . ." The Duchess (Jack Good), Alice (Juliet Duncombe) and the Cook (Beatrice Matthew)



The Gryphon (Don Erickson) and the Mock Turtle (Paddy Nolan) show Alice the first figure of the Lobster Quadrille



Sitting on chairs or on the grass the audience were transported into a dream world emphasised by the low, writhing branches of trees, and mysterious shrubbery. The producer, Michael Elliott (Keble), and his assistants were enthusiastically congratulated on their success

Edmark



... Peering uneasily over the icy wastes in their horn-rimmed glasses ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

STUDENTS of North American ethnic problems ("Careful, you rotter!" snarled the girl between clenched teeth) will recall the case of that once-warlike Red Indian tribe, the Sioux, who now spend their time making shioux.

Don't think that they make them to ioux—
Oh, dear, no! They just sell them for bioux.

Civilisation has likewise caught up with the Eskimos, whose stirring national anthem is now a trifle "dated":

There'll always be a Greenland,
With lots of ice and snow,
And blubber-cakes and stomach-aches
For every Eskimo (etc.).

The poet could not foresee that in 1954 the Eskimo nation would be taking in a big way to spectacles (so the Association of Optical Practitioners has just reported), its once-keen eyesight being weakened by the tinned food of Progress. Peering uneasily over the icy wastes in their horn-rimmed glasses, the Eskimos can nevertheless reflect with pride that the personality-value of these adornments will undoubtedly send up the stock of their annual delegates to the International P.E.N. Congress. Up to now, these poor, shy little waifs with their greasy faces and negligible net-sales have been ostracised and forced to consort with the horrible Hairu Ainu delegate, muttering "*Littukkuk stonkuk!*" ("Literature stinks!"). Henceforth they will look like rather more personable B.B.C. Talks dons, and scornful booksy girls will cease to deride their pathetic imitations of blowing whales

and nervous offerings of bits of seal-liver in train-oil. Mr. President Charles Morgan, literary Greenland salutes you! (*Long, brooding silence.*)

Queen

PASSING through a Welch town the other evening on his way to a noble salmon river up-country, a Nordic angling type we know heard an outburst of song from a small hall and stopped to see what the hairy and passionate natives were up to. Possibly, he thought, some Druidical blood-sacrifice or corn-dance or whatnot was in progress. Actually they turned out to be crowning a Temperance Beauty Queen with choral honours.

We Cymry don't much care to have you sahibs poking into our tribal affairs, but amid the general fervour his presence passed unnoticed. Apparently the allure of the Temperance—or, to be accurate, Teetotal—Beauty Queen was, as it should be, strictly non-intoxicating, which applies equally, after all, to plenty of English Roses knocking back dry Martinis at a Mayfair party. What did impress this chap was the glitter in the rakish eye of what was evidently the local Mr. Waldo (see *Under Milk Wood*) at the back of the hall. A painful story about Mrs. Harriet Beecher ("Uncle Tom's Cabin") Stowe being seen to reel and hiccup after partaking of an apparently blameless dish of strawberry fool recurred to him. If that great and good woman could be caught out thus, why not an unsophisticated Temperance Queen? Exchanging a wink with "Mr. Waldo," he retired in good order.

It is this kind of cynical exploitation by foreigners which keeps Welch coroners so busy ("the body, which was well-nourished, was that of a visiting white . . ."). Don't say we didn't warn you, Nordics.

Imbrogio

"DON'T hold me, mother—I'll kill him!" shouts Gerald Arbuthnot, flinging himself at Lord Illingworth in the picture-gallery at Hunstanton Chase. "Stop, Gerald, stop!" cries Mrs. Arbuthnot, greatly upset. "He is your father!" And the act-drop of *A Woman of No Importance*, Act III, descends on Lord Illingworth biting his lip, as well he might.

This seems the kind of redblooded stuff a theatregoing citizen was lately howling for in drawing-room drama, and we're with him to some extent. There was a time when the playwright and fiction boys worked this kind of surprise-angle regularly on the populace ("O bounteous Heaven!" exclaimed Don Rodrigo. "That lip! That strawberry-mark! My son! My son! Have I found thee at last?"), and it seems about time to revive it. Probably a

trifle more complexity would be required nowadays, and the last curtain might even come down on a question-mark. E.g.:

LORD BALHAM: By Heaven, Carruthers, this cannot go on! (*Leaps at Lady Alicia.*)

CYNTHIA: Tony! (*Strikes Sir Geoffrey.*) I am Eric's wife!

HARGREAVES: So that's your game, Fauncethorpe! (*Leaps at Mrs. Gathercole.*)

Enter PARKER, butler.

PARKER: Dinner is served, m'lady. (*Leaps at LORD BALHAM, who falls. TONY rushes at PARKER.*)

LADY A.: Stop, Tony! Stop! He is your mother!

PARKER begins to sob quietly. *Slow curtain.*

This gives the audience something to worry about at bedtime. You see, Mumsie, Parker is really a woman. Oh. And Lord Balham is his first—I mean her first wife, I mean husband. Oh. And Hargreaves is Lady Alicia's son—I mean Fauncethorpe's niece. Oh.

Bags

REASON's stern reply to the 100,000 propaganda leaflets in praise of braces with which (*vide* Press) the National Association of Brace, Belt, and Suspender Manufacturers has just opened a nation-wide campaign against self-supporting trousers is obvious enough. The trousers of a race of strong moral principle should need no extraneous support whatever.

The eagle gaze of the Great Victorians, who (as is well known) kept their trousers up solely by force of character, speaks for itself. The only exception is John Stuart Mill, in whose eyes—studying the London Library staircase portraits again last week—we detected a craven fear. It seems that while spiritual pride compelled Mill to scorn the thought of braces, radical scepticism led him simultaneously to doubt the integrity of his trousers, which accordingly, being *en rapport*, let him down on several occasions. Harriet ("Dry") Martineau describes in her memoirs a dubious trick resorted to by Mill to escape shame and obloquy on these occasions. Discussing "tap" Treasury Bills with him one day, Miss Martineau noticed his trousers slowly descending, like a pair of punctured concertinas, to the carpet, disclosing a kilt in the startling hues of the M'Collop hunting tartan.

I said "Mr. Mill!"

MILL said: "Awa' wi' ye, ye puir flechterin' skelpie. Ah think more brawly wi' ma breeks agley."

He then executed a few steps of a Highland dance and resumed the discussion. I could not help thinking that this subterfuge betrayed a certain *fundamental instability*.

The girl was right, and her crack at Mill supplies the answer to the NABBSM. So for that matter does the "secret braces" rule (XLV) at the Athenæum.



... Like a pair of punctured concertinas ...



Mr. Hubert B. Chappell, the chairman of the Society, Mrs. Chappell, Mrs. Aldrich and Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the U.S. Ambassador, at the reception

INDEPENDENCE DAY was celebrated with a dinner and ball at the Dorchester by the American Society in London. The Society, which is nearly sixty years old, invited many distinguished guests, who were received by the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert B. Chappell. Jennifer describes this occasion on pages 103-104



Lord De L'Isle and Dudley chatted to Mrs. W. W. Butterworth, whose husband is hon. vice-chairman of the Society



Nancy, Lady Astor, accompanied by Brig.-Gen. W. H. Hayes, of the general committee, was going to dinner



In conversation over a glass of sherry were Miss B. Campbell and Air Marshal Sir James and Lady Kilpatrick



Studying their programme at the reception were Sir Raymond Evershed, the Master of the Rolls, and Lady Evershed



"Centre and leg, please"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE new vicar was surprised as he entered the vestry to see the verger, who was counting the collection, take half a crown from the plate and put it straight into his pocket. ★

There was an awkward pause, but the remonstrance which seemed imminent was checked by the ready explanation: "That's the half-crown, sir, that I've led off with these thirty years and more."

THE bride and bridegroom came down to breakfast in the hotel where they had spent the first night of their honeymoon.

"Now, don't let them guess that we're newly-weds," cautioned the groom. "Just be offhand and casual."

He picked up the menu, and while he was studying it his bride gave her order to the waiter.

"Tea and toast without butter, please," she said.

Whereupon her husband exclaimed in a horrified voice that could be heard all over the room:

"Good Heavens, is that all you eat for breakfast?" ★ ★ ★

ONE day the manager of a cinema was interviewing an applicant for the position of attendant. After asking the man several questions as to his suitability for the job, he said:

"And what would you do in case of fire?"

"Oh," replied the man, "don't you worry about me. I'd be out of the place in no time." ★ ★ ★

AN applicant for employment gave as his reason for leaving his previous job, which was that of a temporary sorter at the Post Office: "Done all the work."

He had also served in the Army, and to the formal question: "Why did you leave the Forces?" he answered laconically: "Won the war."

At The Pictures

SURE WAY TO
THE HEART

Father (Terence Morgan) persuades daughter (Mandy Miller) to dance

As British in flavour as apple-pie is *Dance Little Lady*, directed by Val Guest. It mixes the ingredients of sentiment and melodrama in the way which appeals to the heart and purse of our cinema public.

Everyone is either frightfully decent or dreadfully nasty; none of that foreign half-and-half stuff so you don't know from moment to moment where your sympathies lie.

The story pivots on Mai Zetterling who is an overworked ballerina with a career, a daughter and a caddish husband to look after. It is a safe pivot because Miss Zetterling, however surprised you may be at her casting as a ballerina, is too good an actress to surrender to the ever-threatening sentimentality. Good, too, is little snub-nosed Mandy Miller as the daughter coming along in mummy's dancing footsteps. The villain is Terence Morgan, as the husband and hard-driving manager.

When an accident ends Miss Zetterling's career and income he is off with the Other Woman, most piquantly played by Eunice Gayson. The depth of villainy is reached when he returns with an American film producer to sign up his talented daughter for Hollywood. Fancy putting a child into films! However, mummy Zetterling, aided by Guy Rolfe, another decent type and a doctor as well, soon put a stop to this. And as a British cad, Terence Morgan is allowed to die a decent death, saving his daughter from a fire.

FILMS about prostitutes now come from the Continent with the regularity of Westerns from America. Yet another is *The World Condemns Them*, a Franco-Italian production. The problems here are of a girl who tries to return to normal life; of the rich man who tries to help, at first disinterestedly, but finally falls in love with her; of his wife who, seeing nothing but evil, creates evil. Big problems and quite competently handled, even if the drama is laid on a bit thicker than is usual in this genre. Alida Valli displays beauty and talent as the heroine.

FROM Brazil comes *The Bandits*, a brutal tale of an outlaw band whose sole interests are plunder, rape, torture and murder. They kidnap a beautiful village schoolmistress in a raid and things go wrong when the second-in-command falls in love with her, decides to reform and flees with her to civilisation. So far you might say it would do for any Western.

But this South American brand of horse opera differs from the northern variety in that the good men, not the bad ones, get killed and the hero comes off worst of all. Crime does pay. It is convincingly acted by Alberto Ruschel as the reformed bandit, Maria Prado as the schoolmistress and Milton Ribeiro as the bandit chief. Although slow at times, it is directed with a selective attention to detail which generates a rare sense of authenticity. The guitar music is excellent.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Mrs. P. Tompkins, the hostess, the Earl of Inchcape, Lady Rosemary Mackay and the Hon. Simon Mackay stood waiting to receive guests upon their arrival



Miss Sarah Legge and her partner Mr. Andrew Sinclair joined in all the dances with great enthusiasm

GUESTS BRAVED RAIN
FOR NEW DEBUTANTE

GUESTS were protected from the pouring rain by large marquees at the coming-out dance given for Lady Rosemary Mackay by her mother, Mrs. P. Tompkins. Over 400 friends came to this excellent dance, held at the Hanover Terrace home of Lady Rosemary's half-brother, the Earl of Inchcape, which had been beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion



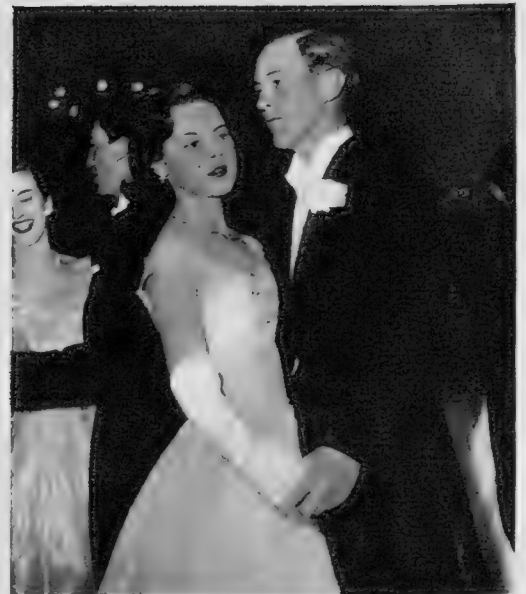
In one of the marquees, where guests were gathering to drink the health of Lady Rosemary, Lt. J. Millington-Drake chatted to Mr. David Currie and Mrs. Eric Hopton



Whirling round the floor in a barn-dance, the Hon. Mary Stopford and Mr. Clem Mitford were about to change partners.



Among those enjoying the dancing, which went on till well past midnight, were Major and Mrs. Anthony Warre



The Hon. Dominick Browne, eldest son of Lord Oranmore and Browne, partnered Miss Sarah Wignall in a waltz



Mr. Peregrine Bertie, a nephew of the Marquess of Bute, accompanied Miss Caroline York in a slow fox-trot



Laughing together over an amusing incident were Miss Gioconda Gallardo and Prince Raol de Rahan



Miss D. Grant, Lord Denham, Mr. A. McNulty, Miss Avril Curzon and the Hon. Alan Mackay, brother of the Earl of Inchcape, had adjourned to another room in between dances for a quiet talk

Swaebe



Clayton Evans

THE COUNTESS ST. ALDWYN and her children, the Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach, aged two, and Viscount Quenington, who is four-and-a-half, at a window of their beautiful home in the Cotswolds, Williamstrip Park, near Cirencester. The Countess was formerly Miss Diana Mills and was married to the Earl in 1948

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

The Beau Ideal Of Essayists

SELECTED ESSAYS BY E. V. LUCAS, arranged by H. N. Wethered (Methuen; 10s. 6d.), reminds us how much Britain lost by the death, in 1938, of this urbane, great and versatile man. "A prince of gossips" was one of the many titles by which he was fondly known to friends—and how innumerable his friends were.

Personally to know him counted for much, to know him through his writings hardly for less, for he communicated the flavour of personality, taste, zest and humour in every line. He had the *bonhomie*, the roving eye, the quick interest and the reflective after-thought of the ideal essayist; and ideal essayist he was.

CHARLES LAMB was his particular pleasure, companion and inspiration, though never master, for the later essayist's manner is all his own. He resembles Lamb in that any incident or phenomenon he brings to our notice, any experience, freakish or otherwise, he shares with us becomes something we never can forget—the sound of grass being cut, the sensation of sleep at sea, "peaceful and placid, not dreamless, but accompanied by such dreams as please and quickly fade."

His impatiences are as lively as his sympathies; for instance Amabel, whom he was asked to help because "she wanted to 'write so badly.' " "Nothing," he adds, "is more difficult than to assist those who want to write so badly;

because writing must come from within, and there is only one way to improve and that is to keep at it. Writing is fed by writing."

"Keeping at it" produced, in the case of E. V. Lucas, a style so perfectly mastered as to seem unconscious: he was a stylist in the sense of doing away with every trick or peculiarity by which so-called "style" often obtrudes.

HE was, as those who knew him appreciated, a disciplinarian as to language but of this the outward effect was totally genial and informal. These *Selected Essays* are an excellent choice, for they give an idea of the author's range—cricket, literature, travel, food and wine, dogs and other animals, painting, London's and other streets, and the endless wiles, variations and, on the whole, innocent absurdities of human nature being among his subjects. His pieces written about and during World War I will recall the atmosphere of that time exactly—what would he have made, one wonders, of World War II? He could have been relied upon to override its hardships, and to sense and praise the particular brand of courage which 1939—1945 needed, and did indeed produce. Nor would he have overshot the attendant

comedies. Most English of Englishmen, E. V. Lucas adds the edge and polish of his own wit to what is traditional, national in our humour. And how he loved funniness in others! His *Two Ladies* is one of the happiest tributes I have read to the joint genius of Somerville and Ross. As a man, that is, by nature, E. V. Lucas was well fitted to fill out and play the rôle fame gave him: he was "a figure" *par excellence*. Man of letters, *bon viveur*, conversationalist, cricketer, traveller, he remains memorable: the *Selected Essays* offer a revelation of what life can be to a less exuberant generation which knew him not.

★ ★ ★

ANGELA THIRKELL has the delightful power of keeping us guessing—as to something or somebody—up to her last page. In *WHAT DID IT MEAN?* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.) mystery centres in a prophetic rhyme, apposite to the year of the Coronation. The rhyme recurs like a little theme-song throughout a novel in which Mrs. Thirkell is at her best, her very best, as to the human enigma. For, though we know her Barssetshire County folk well by now (having watched many of them grow up, sustain early love-troubles, marry and raise broods, who are in their turn to divert us by doing likewise) they are subject to changes and divagations, unforeseen alliances, new interests. There is always some cat in Mrs. Thirkell's bag, and one watches (if I may mix a metaphor) to see which way the cat will jump.

The Northbridge Coronation pageant provides not only unparalleled fun, which never degenerates into farce but an opening for acquaintanceships on a fresh footing. Miss Pemberton, the Provençal scholar, so zealously throws herself into the affair as to endanger health and sustain, alas, a personal loss. Lydia Merton (wife, as you will remember, of Noel, the Q.C.) modestly and efficiently takes the chair at pre-rehearsal gatherings.



The pre-Coronation months are marked by the growth of a warm friendship between two couples who had so far been no more than amiable country neighbours, the Mertons and the Pomfrets. The un-hearty, somewhat shy earl benefits by the conversation of Lydia, uncomplex and direct; and the still more sensitive Pomfret heir, Lord Mellings (now at an acute phase of his growing-pains), is, through Lydia's inspiration, brought into contact with the dazzling actress, Jessica Dean—a local girl who, as you will also remember, made more than good.

INDEED, Jessica and her husband (dramatist Aubrey Clover) become the means of Lord Mellings making his debut in an unexpected sphere. I am not sure, however, that the best fun of all is not the after-lunch tour of the now uninhabited main block of Pomfret Towers—built, as Mrs. Thirkell explains, in pious imitation of St. Pancras Station. An excellent drawing of this stately home decorates the wrapper of *What Did it Mean?* And here is a verbal photograph of the main entrance hall, as displayed to the fascinated Mertons:—

It was furnished with what looked to Lydia like hundreds of hooks for hats and coats, an outside umbrella rack and a hideous china vase like a chimney pot about five feet high with a pair of skis and a hockey stick in it. On the walls were some very bad sporting pictures, two crossed hunting crops, a mouldering fox's brush and a view of Assisi, of no value at all, painted by an Italian artist whose name no one knew. In a corner stood a real weighing chair, with the notched brass beam sticking out like a railway signal and below it a pile of brass weights.

"This is remarkable," said Noel reverently,

Yes, there will always be a Bassetshire, one is glad to say; and the great Anthony could but look with benevolence on the scene, and be honoured that Mrs. Thirkell has found for this latest chronicle of hers such a truly Trollopian title.

★ ★ ★

ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE, by Henry Cecil (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.) is yet another of that author's first-rate intellectual entertainments, full of characters, patterned with legal wit. Detective story it must not be called, for all cards, from the outset, are on the table—mystery plays no part. Is it ethical to murder a murderer?—ethical, that is, when the known villain has already many crimes to his score and, if let live, is sure to perpetrate others? Ethical or not, one must still stand trial.

Alec Morland, an amiable ex-Commando, has in this case taken it on himself to check the career of Gilbert Essex—a pathological slayer of blameless girls. *According To The Evidence* opens with Essex's trial and acquittal, and closes with the trial of Alec Morland—who, though enjoying the sympathies of practically everybody in court, looks at one time likely to come to a sticky end. The suspense, though lightened by comic interludes, is extreme.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BRAHMS'S Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, Opus 68, has been recorded a number of times and been treated by a variety of admirable performances, but I have yet to hear it more beautifully played than on the current recording made by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Guido Cantelli. This is interesting because in February this year there was a release of this symphony played by the same orchestra, conducted by Von Karajan, which was, on the whole, better than most previous versions of the work.

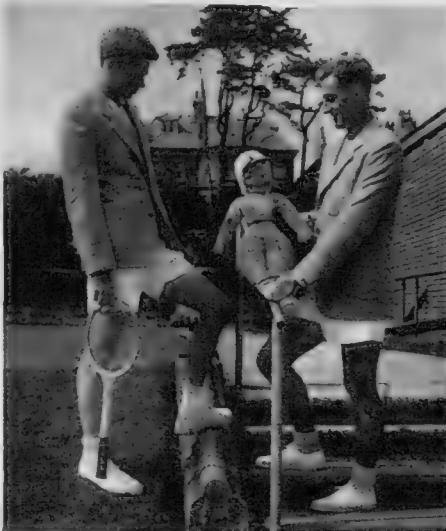
But now Cantelli has succeeded in convincing the orchestra that the music shall be played as he obviously feels Brahms meant it to be played, and the response from the players is one of complete agreement. There is such smoothness about the whole performance—an entirely musical performance I would add—that I find it difficult at the moment to believe that we shall ever be privileged to hear a better version than this magnificently poised recording. (H.M.V. ALP. 1152.)

Robert Tredinnick

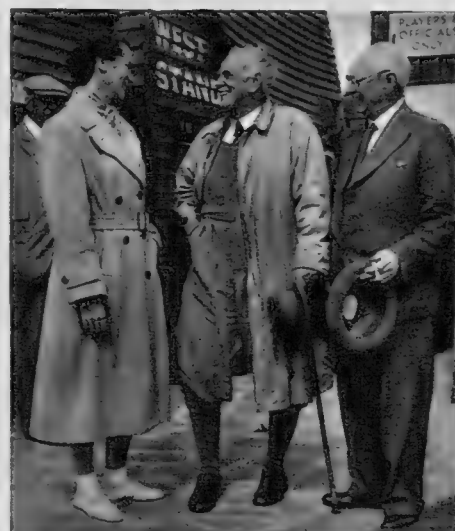


The Cambridge team consisted of Mr. I. McDonald (Clare), Mr. J. Barrett (St. John's), Mr. I. Warwick (Sidney Sussex) and behind them Mr. A. Clayton (St. John's), Mr. C. Ufford, Jnr. (Emmanuel) and Mr. I. Coghill (King's)

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY put out an unusually strong team for the tennis matches played against Oxford at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. After some interesting and hard-fought matches, particularly in the singles, victory went to the Light Blues



Holding the Cambridge mascot, Ernestine, were Mr. Ian McDonald, who plays for the West Indies in the Davis Cup, and the Cambridge captain, Mr. John Barrett



Among the spectators were Mrs. Cleverly, Mr. Ian McDonald, who plays for the West Indies in the Davis Cup, and the Cambridge captain, Mr. John Barrett



Miss Jane Barney and Miss Pam Boothman had come to Eastbourne to watch the matches and support Cambridge



While not far away Miss Angela Chilly and Miss Joan Wilson helped to keep the Oxford team in good heart



THE HAWKER SEA HAWK has been under test by the French Navy, and here Lt.-Cdr. Mauban, S/Ldr. Franklin and Rear Admiral Ruyssen stand watching as Mr. Norman Wilson, Service Manager of Armstrong Whitworth, gives some advice to Lt. Vercken before his first flight

Flying

Oliver Stewart

Miracle in the Thermals

DON'T forget the glider. And just now I hope that there will be no risk of our forgetting it because of the international competitions. "Glider" seems to be the term more widely used than "sailplane" although there is a clear distinction between them which it is desirable to maintain. The glider is the elementary training type of aircraft whereas the sailplane is the type employed for soaring.

To the vulgar power pilot, the feats of the soaring pilots seem almost miraculous. The hours which can pass as they continue in full flight without power from any engine; the distances which can be covered and the speeds which can be attained on a triangular course are alike amazing. Recently some new records have been "homologated," to use the delightful term employed by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, but the last official list is sufficiently astonishing.

Duration for single-seat sailplanes then stood in France's

name at over 56 hours; distance in a straight line was in the name of the United States of America with slightly over 861 kilometres (535 miles) and speed on a triangular course measuring 100 kilometres in length was 85 kilometres an hour (52.8 miles an hour). And in parenthesis I would remind my readers



REPTON SCHOOL had a greatly distinguished visitor when Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery came to inspect its Combined Cadet Corps. Here the Field Marshal is going down their ranks with the headmaster, Mr. T. L. Thomas (behind), Major F. F. Fisher, M.C., the C.O., and Lt. P. A. Tubbs

that official air records must be quoted in the metric system. The conversions to British Imperial units are my responsibility!

I think that an examination of those figures is a sufficient indication of the state of this remarkable art.

My conception of a balloonist has always been of a delightfully quiet, amiable type of person. So I was taken aback when letters and telephone messages came in concerning my remarks about the pilot of the Baginton balloon, to find them couched in inflammatory terms. I suggested that the pilot of that balloon was the only remaining free-balloon pilot holding a valid certificate in the British Commonwealth. At that the balloonists went up. There seem to be thousands of them still holding valid certificates. And they all seemed to write to me or to telephone to me.

I ought to be contrite; but I am still hesitant about donning sackcloth and ashes. We all had licences thrust upon us at one time or another; but it is one thing to have had a licence to do something and it is another to keep on doing that thing and to maintain the validity of the licence.

I now know that balloonists are dangerous people, and I shall hesitate to repeat what I said about the validity of certificates. Perhaps they are all entitled to sail away at any moment. And when I see them do it I will retract. Meanwhile I regard their aeronauts' licences rather as I regard my own pilot's licence, as certificates which are no longer in force. How I wish they were.

SABENA'S South Bank sortie was a great success. Not even the Cardington research balloon (was it released by a certificated balloonist?) failed to take all the attention of Londoners away from the Sikorsky S 55 which Mr. Anselme Verineuwe piloted from Brussels. Mr. Verineuwe gave an interesting discourse at the luncheon afterwards.

His point that Europe is the place above any others for helicopters was well argued. It seems that 72,000,000 people live within a circle of 320 kilometres radius centred on Brussels, whereas in a similar circle centred on New York there are only 22,000,000.

But I am doubtful about Mr. Verineuwe's prediction about a 400 kilometres an hour (250 miles an hour) helicopter seating forty or fifty passengers in ten years' time. It has taken longer to develop the helicopter to its present state than was thought. And as yet there is little sign of a great acceleration in the rate of development. Whatever happens Sabena, Belgian Airlines, are to be congratulated on establishing the first international, scheduled helicopter service with so many ports of call. For the future I believe that Sabena and British European Airways propose to work together in the development of helicopter services. It is a useful and desirable effort.

THE French Navy appears to have formed a good opinion of the Hawker Sea Hawk. A demonstration of the Armstrong Whitworth-built version of this machine was given not long ago to the French Navy at Lann-Bihoué. Two French naval pilots tried the aircraft and their reports have now been put in and are—I believe—extremely favourable. There seems here to be reasonable hope for further Anglo-French co-operation in aircraft and aero-engines.

R. W. Dudley



On the lawn in front of the beautiful house with its screen of yew trees, supper was being enjoyed by Mr. L. C. Temple-Boreham, Miss G. N. Robinson, Miss E. M. Godman and Mrs. L. C. Temple Boreham

MOZART IN THE SUSSEX WEALD

THE first performance of this year's "Don Giovanni" at the Glyndebourne Festival combined all the pleasures this unique opera location has to offer, picnic suppers and strolls in the grounds being popular diversions in the intervals



In the rose garden, taking an apéritif before dinner, were Mr. Alexander Cardew, Mrs. Oliver Wright, Mrs. and Col. Christopher Cardew, Miss Elizabeth Rulf and Countess Andrew Skarbek



Lord Wilmot, a member of the Glyndebourne Arts Trust, was introduced by Lady Walker to Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Joanna Delmege



Discussing the first act were Capt. and Mrs. John Brooke, Miss E. Davis and Miss Kyra Tufnell



A party from Birmingham: Dr. A. C. Street, Miss K. Green, Mrs. Street, Mrs. K. Harrison, Miss K. O'Brien and Mrs. J. Woodhead

Van Hallan



Supremely Elegant

SUSAN SMALL'S alabaster pale, supremely elegant street-dress (our fashion choice of the week). It is made of fine grosgrain, beautifully cut with a moulded princess-line, which is pictured on the left. The flat, rather wide, collar is finished with a dark velvet bow. Here is the perfect dress to wear about town now, and then, as autumn comes, to put on under your fur coat for cocktails, theatre and a hundred other occasions

— MARIEL DEANS



A LOVELY MODEL hat of pale Baku-straw and mushroom-brown French jersey costs 13 gns. The brown roses 10s. 11d. The chic resulting from this combination of allied tones is, as every wise woman knows, perpetually infallible



RIGHT: These mushroom-brown calf shoes are Lehany models and cost 7½ gns. The calf-hide handbag, which is exactly the same colour, at 7 gns., completes a delightful ensemble

LEFT: The dress, with a change of accessories, can be worn from morning till midnight, and seems most reasonably priced at 13 gns. From Woollands of Knightsbridge, who also sells the other goods shown

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

WE haven't seen the Js for some time, what with their going to Dubrovnik and us having chicken-pox, and when Elaine rings up to reinstate regular bridge evenings I am overwhelmed with thrill of seeing old friends and fix first available moment. We gather round optimistic flower piece in Elaine's drawing-room fireplace, trying not to hold out our hands to warm at it, and exclaim on improved appearance of one another due to chicken-pox and Dubrovnik.

Elaine looks magnificent in boat-shaped neckline on Adriatic suntan—Nigel looks slightly bloodhound-like round the jaws. Comment politely that he's lost weight, unloosing stream of enthusiasm. He's certainly lost weight, why, when he came home from Yugoslavia, he was two stone over the average for height, age, experience, etc.—fact had been creeping up on him for years unnoticed. Husband asks unnoticed by whom, rudely, considering he has been distinctly touchy lately about his own waistline and recently refused to go swimming because of what he called increased coldness of sea.

ELAINE attempts diversion by saying that she thought we'd come to play bridge, but all this is lost in Nigel's playful slap at husband's tum and gay assertion that what he needs is half an hour's skipping before breakfast and stringent dieting. Husband retorts that he's not in the least fat—it's just that he weighs more than he did when he was twenty-five and is very broadly built. He inflates chest to prove this, to Nigel's comment



"Well, if you call that *chest*..." Elaine murmurs hopefully that she thinks my husband's figure is pretty good considering his age and three children.

THIS remark pleases nobody, and I, attempting to make things better, add to disaster by saying it's funny the way Elaine and I never seem to put on weight no matter what, even if we *want* to. We all then add that Nigel has done wonders in the three weeks since they returned, husband retrieving his honour with remark that a slight haggardness just adds to Nigel's air of distinction. We then get down to bridge.

Husband's concentration on game is not up to standard, however, and several times I have to glare at him for not remembering the two of hearts is good, a great

[Continued on page 130]



Three Summer Outfits

LINEN, jersey and poult all have their place in our summer wardrobe and here are three pretty models that can between them take care of most contingencies associated with the ever-changing weather. Elizabeth James makes the lovely Italian-red linen suit shown above with its wide, stand-away neck, narrow, double-breasted fastening of exactly matching buttons and softly rounded shoulder-line. It is stocked by Liberty's

—MARIEL DEANS



LEFT: Wolsey makes this exceedingly useful two-piece in soft teal-green tweed-jersey with plain coloured edging to the jacket opening and down the front of the dress. It is stocked by Plummers of Bournemouth

BELOW: Linzi's pretty frock of black poul, with a big white sharkskin collar, can be worn right away now out of doors without a wrap, and will be useful later as a party dress to be worn under a brightly coloured coat. It is stocked by Jay's of Oxford Circus



CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

triumph. He then suddenly demands of Nigel how much weight he has lost in three weeks anyway. "Six pounds," says Nigel smugly. "Feel all the better for it, too."

At the end of the next rubber Nigel asks how much my husband weighs. Husband mutters that he can't remember, and Nigel makes various estimates, all insulting. Stung, husband asks if Elaine's bathroom weighing machine still works or has been broken by Dubrovnik trip, and vanishes. He returns slightly gloomy, but with spirit enough to tell Nigel that his most exaggerated guess *was* exaggerated. From Nigel's face it is obvious that he had suspected the fact—however he only says that husband had better do something pretty drastic pretty soon, old boy. Doctors and insurance companies, he goes on,



hate you to be overweight—with, he hints, sinister reason.

Am prepared to admit, after objective scrutiny, that husband, due to own exquisite cooking, looks less sylphlike than in gay youth, but have no objection to an armful myself, or at least less so than to living without potatoes and things fried or stuffed with rice which seems to be the alternative. Voice this selfish point of view, whereupon Nigel announces that *his* diet, featured in highly respectable medical periodical, positively encourages the eating of potatoes, though admittedly rice, pasta, etc., are forbidden, and bread almost entirely so.

BEING prepared to live without rice and pasta for a while I switch over to Nigel's side and say I am prepared to co-operate wholeheartedly. Nigel says that since he has been dieting they have saved three loaves of bread a week; Elaine says advantage of this vitiated by expenditure on lean steak, white fish, gammon, salad and fresh fruit, all essential items. Nigel says his diet insists that bulk of food must never be cut down, as this would make victim hungry and therefore bad-tempered and therefore cruel to wife and family, this being anti-social. Elaine says diet can be summarized as giving up eating cheap things and eating expensive ones instead.

This obviously appeals enormously to husband, who looks at Nigel's elegant silhouette again with envy naked in his eyes and asks what the catches are. "Well," Nigel says, "there is a prohibited list, but you wouldn't miss them." He then rises from the table, and states that as all pretence at playing bridge is obviously at an end, we had better all have a drink. But, he adds, not my husband who, if he is going to diet, had better to do the thing properly. Alcohol, he says, is very high on the prohibited list. I must say I see a lot of depression from here on.

—Diana Gillon



SUMMER IN PARIS

WITH the French winter dress collections due to start next week, when model girls, swathed to the eyes in fur and wool, will be sweeping through rooms where the temperature is nearly 100 deg., we show here what a pretty Parisienne is wearing this July. Jacques Fath's rose-coloured alpaca suit is worn with a big straw hat trimmed with white chiffon to match the handkerchief which cascades from the pocket on the suit lapel



Peter Clark

SUMMER IN THE HIGHLANDS

JEAN LODGE (left) and Lorraine Clewes welcome a visitor on to the stage, set as a Scottish fishing lodge, at the Duchess Theatre, where they are appearing with A. E. Matthews and Marie Lohr in "The Manor Of Northstead." Both actresses are wearing dresses by Weatherall, Miss Lodge's being of bright yellow cordeluxe in a wrap-around coat style with a semi-circular skirt, and Miss Clewes's, a pretty dark grey worsted with a skirt pleated all round and three-quarter length sleeves



Roses bloom again on two of the scarves seen here, price 23s. 11d. each. A third one called "Desert Fruit" costs only 13s. 11d. They may be obtained from Liberty's



No, not for the ballroom. These ear-rings are specially designed for the beach. Single drop ones in yellow raffia, on left, price 10s. 6d. On the right, purple drop ones, 10s. 6d. From Harrods

The Holiday Air

SHOPS have the holiday air, and whether it is bags for the beach, jewellery to go with summer frocks and swim suits, or scarves and squares, there is a great feeling for something different in colour, texture and design. The background may be simple, the accessories add originality

— Jean Cleland



Here are beach bags, floral and striped. Both are very effective and have a holiday air. They are infinitely capacious and an ideal mode of transport for picnicking ware, pails, damp bathing suits and other incompatible objects. Marshall & Snelgrove have them at £1 19s. 6d. for the striped one on the left, and £1 9s. 6d. for the floral design on the right

IN TOWN TODAY

If you are interested in pottery, you will be pleased to hear of an unusual demonstration which is taking place at Liberty's this week. (July 19 to 24.) This is concerned with Chelsea pottery, and presents an entirely new idea. For the first time, well-known painters and sculptors have formed a group to apply their talents to the art of potting. Their artistic skill, and the scientific knowledge of expert potters, have combined to perfect a new technique in glazing. There is a wide variety of articles, from small household pottery costing as little as 5s. a piece, to important sculptural works from £50 upwards.

A feature of the demonstration is that visitors can not only see the whole process of potting in operation—modelling, turning on the wheel—known as "throwing"—decorating and firing in the kiln—but are able to design their own ashtrays and dishes and have them fired on the spot. If you are in London you can take part in this fascinating affair. There are still three days left in which to do it.

★ ★ ★

ANYTHING more tricky than trying to pour out a cup of tea or coffee in a car, and hand round milk and sugar while balancing the flask and the cups on your knee, I have yet to hear of. It was with utter joy, therefore, that I came across some little occasional tables, specially designed to fit on to the car door by the driver. For double comfort, you can get a second one for the door on the opposite side. Made of plywood, and covered in washable leather cloth in various colours, these are available in the motor accessories department of the Army & Navy Stores, and cost 37s. 6d. a pair. Postage and packing costs 2s. 6d. extra.

★ ★ ★

WITH the many variations on the growing more intriguing from day to day, people will soon be wanting to wear glasses whether they need them or not. Latest contribution is the blue-rimmed sun-glasses, with silver trimmed upper frame, and with ear-rings to match the trimming. Both can be had on a card for 4s. 6d. complete, from Bourne & Hollingsworth.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of ear-rings, a new idea comes from Atkinson of Bond Street which will delight those who, tired of losing the screw or clip-on type, have just taken—or are about to take—the plunge, and had their ears pierced. Instead of the ordinary round ring sleepers, Atkinson's have designed tiny straight ones, which they call "Ear Fantasies." On to the little rods can be slipped an infinite variety of ear decorations, such as marigolds, china roses and ceramics. The choice is wide, and the prices—round about 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.—extremely modest. With no trouble at all, you can vary your ear-rings to go with your dresses.

—J. C.

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?" To the beach, of course. Where else with this gay, reversible towelling and straw hat, with the striped bag in straw cloth to match. They hail from Italy and can be had at Woollands. Hat 45s., bag 52s. 6d.



If you cannot speak the language, don't worry. Just take along these original-looking handkerchiefs, which can be described as pocket dictionaries. If you are driving your own car, you can see the meaning of the road signs at a glance. Price 6s. 11d. each. From Bourne & Hollingsworth

Dennis Smith



Jean Cleland writes on —

Choice Of Cosmetic Ranges

LAST week, in paying tribute to youth, I stressed the advisability, indeed, the importance, of using a range of preparations for the care of the skin, rather than an odd selection culled at random from here and there. I then promised to give, in this further article—which is in the nature of a sequel—some ideas of what those ranges consist of and how the preparations should be used to form an effective and simple routine for everyday use

TODAY there are a large selection of excellent cosmetic ranges from which to choose. In their own way, they all do a good job of work. My advice is to find one that suits you, and then make sure that you are using the preparations in the right way, so that you can be certain of getting the best results.

While the people who create these ranges have slightly different ideas as to what is the best method of caring for the skin, in the main they follow much the same kind of routine. There are, however, two basic differences. Some believe in soap and water for cleansing the face, others feel that better results are achieved by cleansing with creams and lotions.

For the purpose of illustrating both methods, I

have chosen two of the leading firms, one in each camp. To include more would only be confusing. From these you will be able to get the general idea, sufficient to put you on the right road for whatever reliable range of cosmetics you think will suit you best.

ROUTINE for a Dry Skin, as suggested by Yardley. At night, wash with soap and water, and, if your skin is very dry, be sure and use a bland mild soap (oatmeal is a good choice). After this, cleanse with dry skin cleansing cream, because, in the opinion of Yardley, soap and water alone are not sufficient to remove all the dust and impurities that get into the skin during the day. Remove cleansing cream, and apply

vitamin night cream. Work this in with gentle upward movements, then blot off the surplus cream, but leave a thin film on to seep in during the night.

In the morning, wash with soap and water, and before applying make-up, tone up the skin with toning lotion. For a very light make-up, "English Complexion Cream" is a suitable powder base, but if a tinted foundation is preferred, "Make-up Base" is the one to use.

ROUTINE for a Greasy Skin. At night wash with soap and water, then deep cleanse with liquefying cleansing cream. Once or twice a week, massage with vitamin night cream (the massage helps to tone up relaxed muscles), then, before going to bed, remove all traces of grease from the skin with astringent lotion.

In the morning, wash with soap and water, and pat astringent lotion on to the face before making up. For a light make-up, use foundation cream, or, if you prefer a tinted powder base, use "Feather Foundation." If your skin is very greasy, use liquid foundation instead. Suggested colour range for a blonde is "Cameo" powder, "Pretty Pink" lipstick and "Pretty Pink" rouge. For a brunette, "Rose Amber" powder, "Holly Red" lipstick and "Holly Red" rouge.

The second method (cleansing by means of creams and lotions) as advocated by Elizabeth Arden is as follows:

DAILY Treatment for a Dry Skin (both night and morning). Cleanse thoroughly with cleansing cream—which liquefies on the skin—and wipe off with tissues. Pat briskly along neck contours and up the sides of the face with skin tonic. At night, after patting, dry the skin, smooth in "Velva Cream," or if the skin is very dry, "Orange Skin Food." In the morning, follow the patting with the make-up, using "Feather-light" foundation, a touch of cream rouge, and "Ardena" powder or the new "Invisible Veil."

IF you have an Oily Skin, cleanse with fluffy cleansing cream night and morning, or for the very oily skin, use liquid cleanser. At night, if the pores are enlarged—as they often are with this type of skin—smooth pore cream over that area, and a little "Velva Cream" on the rest of the face. For a coarse, oily, relaxed skin, Arden advises astringent cream until the condition improves then astringent cream alternately with "Velva Cream." For make-up, use "Lille Lotion" foundation, blended in carefully, and on the nose a touch of "Noshine." Suggested colour range for a blonde, "Ardena" Special Mat Fonce powder, or "Invisible Veil No. 2," lipstick and rouge "Surprise" or "April-May." For a brunette, "Ardena Ros Rachel" or "Invisible Veil No. 5," lipstick and rouge "Red Feather" or "Redwood."



She'll



soon be dressing



in

'Terylene'



'Terylene' —what's in it for you

by LADY ASHTON

*Professor, School of Fashion Design,
Royal College of Art.*

WHENEVER I see a woman in a delicious, finely-tucked blouse, I think "What a help 'Terylene' is going to be to her!" The same for a woman setting off for a journey, or a ball, or a tennis tournament. The truth is—"Terylene" will bring untold blessings to us all.

'Terylene' is the latest, most dramatic of synthetic fibres. (Incidentally, it's a British invention, being developed by a British firm, ICI.) It has a quality unique, in my experience, among synthetic fibres; though amazingly strong and resilient it manages to have the graceful drape and friendly feel of a natural fibre.

'TERYLENE' THE VERSATILE

'Terylene' has two distinct forms. One is called staple fibre and the other filament yarn. Between them they make (or will soon make) materials for practically all the clothes you wear. Your suits, skirts and winter woollies will be made of staple fibre fabrics; your flouncy ball dresses, fine undies and "silky" frocks will be of filament yarn. All these fabrics, of course, have the amazing 'Terylene' strength. They're just as strong wet as dry; even the most fragile of them won't stretch or shrink in the wash.

THE CARE OF 'TERYLENE'

To keep 'Terylene' clothes looking their best they should be washed frequently like all your other nice things. Don't wait until they're really dirty. This, and an occasional touch with a cool iron, is about all that is needed to keep them in perfect trim. (And they almost never need mending!)

WHERE TO BUY 'TERYLENE'

Most good shops have some 'Terylene' by the yard from time to time, and a few ready-made garments. But today, supplies are limited and variety restricted. However, next year, when ICI's big new plant is in production, I can foresee for you undies, sports clothes and glamour clothes in a wide choice of 'Terylene' fabrics.

'TERYLENE'

Polyester  Fibre

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED,
LONDON, S.W.1

TE16

ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss Diana Louise Delap, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Delap, of the Old Farm House, Bishopstone, Bucks, and Mr. H. A. Delap, of Kayata, Thika, Kenya, is engaged to Mr. Robin Francis Congreve Dent, second son of Lt.-Col. J. R. C. Dent, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Dent, of Olivers, Painswick, Glos



Fayer

Miss Heather Mary Drummond, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Drummond, of Megginch Castle, Errol, Perthshire, is shortly to marry Lt. Andrew Christian Currey, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. P. Currey, of The Mount, Gibraltar



Yevonde

Miss Jennifer Ormrod, youngest daughter of the late Mr. P. G. Ormrod, of Eversley, Hants, and of Mrs. W. E. Lyon, of Maugersbury, Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos, is to marry Mr. Nicholas Crosse, son of Cdr. R. D. S. Crosse, O.B.E., of Melcombe, Harrogate, and of Mrs. Paul Manzi-Fé, Dorsington, Warwickshire



GUINNESS—VON URACH

The wedding took place at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, of the Hon. Desmond Guinness, second son of Lord Moyne, of Biddesden House, Andover, and the Hon. Lady Mosley, and of Princess Marie-Gabrielle von Urach, Countess of Württemberg, elder daughter of Prince Albrecht von Urach, Count of Württemberg

THEY WERE
MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



Fayer

SAWYER SHAW—CUZNER

Mr. David James Sawyer Shaw, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sawyer Shaw, of Overton-on-Dee, Flint, married Miss Diana Joy Cuzner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cuzner, of Purley, Surrey, at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley St.



BOWEN-WEST—FRITH

At St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, Lt. Lygon Ashley Bowen-West, R.N.V.R., eldest son of the late Mr. L. A. Bowen-West and Mrs. H. Bowen-West, of Ardgowan Road, Hither Green, married Miss Patricia Anne Frith, daughter of Mr. N. R. C. Frith and of Mrs. D. W. Liddiard, of Nottingham



LAMBERT—HUNTER

Lt. John Backhouse Lambert, R.A., eldest son of the late Mr. A. R. Lambert and of Mrs. K. Lambert, of Manuden, Herts, married at Hong Kong Cathedral Miss Clair Marguerite R. Hunter, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hunter, of Weybridge, Surrey



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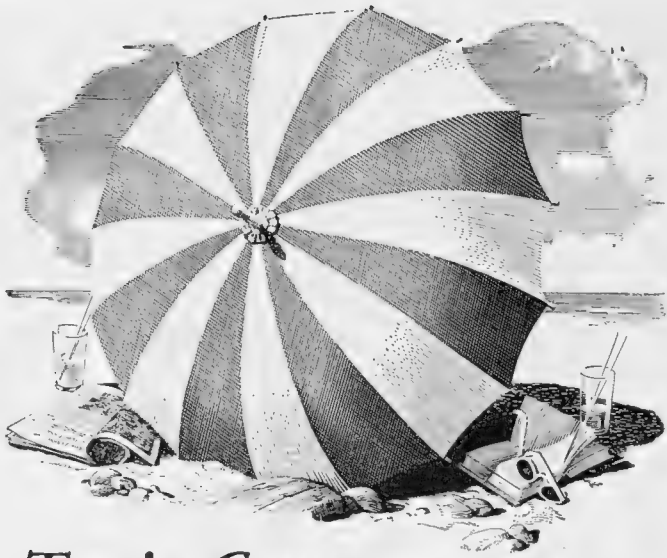


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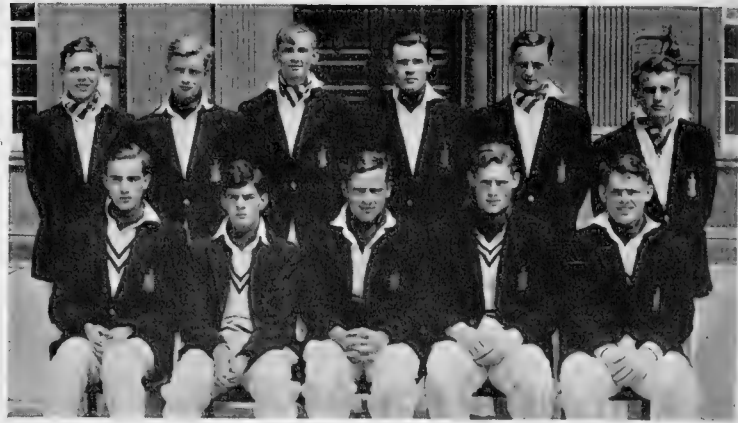
GUFF SNORRA

This ancient Viking fire ritual survived until recently on the island of Shrigg. The small boys (or Shrollings) went about igniting their elders' beards (or Frillings), with cries of "Scapa," and a prod in the solar plexus. (Note the suggestion of Sun Worship.) Shaving, and latterly rationing, which made plexuses so much less solar, killed this attractive custom, and the unfeeling islanders hold an annual Pimm's party to celebrate.

Pimm's is justly celebrated for celebrating. Add ice to each tot of Pimm's, top up with fizzy lemonade, and insert a slice of lemon and a sprig of borage.

PIMM'S No. 1

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



SHREWSBURY SCHOOL CRICKET XI (1953). Standing: D. A. Gilkes, C. D. St. Johnston, G. J. Peel, G. Woods, H. E. Waldock, M. M. W. Harley. Sitting: J. G. Stapleton, D. A. Spencer, M. A. Hill, R. E. Medd, J. N. Webb

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

Sir Philip Sidney Was Old Salopian

FEW towns can claim a greater antiquity or a more stirring history than Shrewsbury, rich in timber-framed Tudor buildings, its winding streets crammed with the legacy of centuries. Like the ancient town itself, Shrewsbury School abounds in history and tradition.

The Bailiffs and Burgesses of Shrewsbury were granted a charter by Edward VI in 1552 for the foundation of a Grammar School (as it was called till the passing of the Public Schools Act in 1868), to be endowed out of the tithes formerly belonging to the Colleges of St. Mary and St. Chad.

Little is known of the first ten years of the school; its real history starts with the appointment in 1561 of Thomas Ashton, one of the most distinguished in the line of headmasters. His model rules, by which the school was governed from 1578 to 1798, are still in the School library. It was in his time that Sir Philip Sidney, the famous soldier, poet and courtier was at Shrewsbury, entering the school the same day as his friend and biographer Fulke Greville. Another famous scholar of a much later period was Charles Darwin, the naturalist and author of *The Origin Of Species*.

IN the time of John Meighen, whose reign was the longest in the School's history, the old timber buildings were replaced by the present "Old Schools." The Library, founded in 1596, ranks for its size among the most important in England, and contains many rare manuscripts, including the consecration deed and the sermon preached on the opening of the Chapel in 1617.

The latter part of the seventeenth century and the whole of the eighteenth lacked distinction and interest, and numbers declined. In 1798 the entire staff was pensioned off, a new Act reorganizing the School was passed, and a fresh start made with the appointment of Samuel Butler, the first of the famous nineteenth-century triumvirate of headmasters who laid the foundation of Shrewsbury's reputation for classical scholarships, followed by Benjamin Kennedy and Henry Moss. It was the latter who realized the impossibility of Shrewsbury holding its own as one of the great public schools in the cramped quarters of the town, and on his proposal, in face of violent opposition, the school migrated in 1882 to Kingsland, a site outside the town on the banks of the Severn. Easy access to the river has made Shrewsbury a famous rowing school.

THE earliest cricket XI is recorded in 1842, but the facilities for the game were poor until the migration to Kingsland, when the standard began to improve. The development of the cricket ground was largely the work of A. H. Gilkes, afterwards Master of Dulwich, and A. F. Chance, in memory of whose work for the school the pavilion in the Chance Field was built. The advent of Dr. C. A. Alington as headmaster in 1908 was an important factor in raising cricket to a general level of keenness and efficiency, and since then Shrewsbury has more than held its own against its chief school opponents.

When football was legalized under Dr. Kennedy, Shrewsbury had its own game, called Douling, a rather rough-and-tumble affair, but around 1877 the Association game began to take its place.

In the Arthur Dunn Cup the Old Salopians have a splendid record, winning the trophy on eight occasions.

Marlborough College will be the subject of the next article, due to appear on August 4.

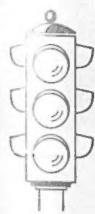
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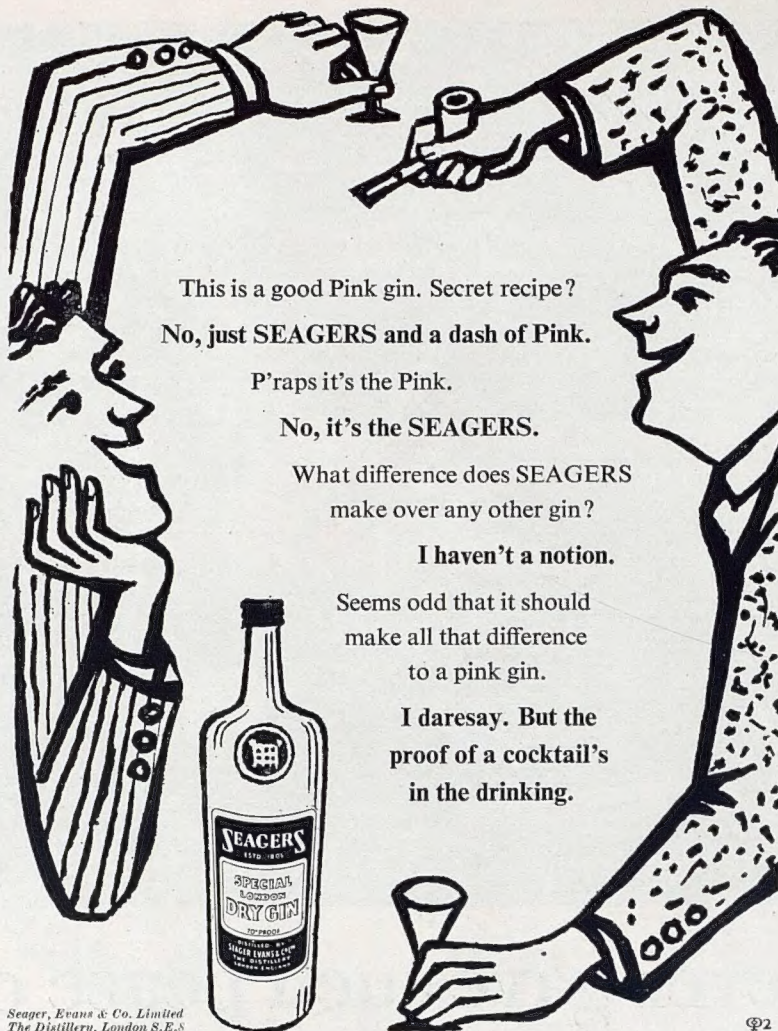
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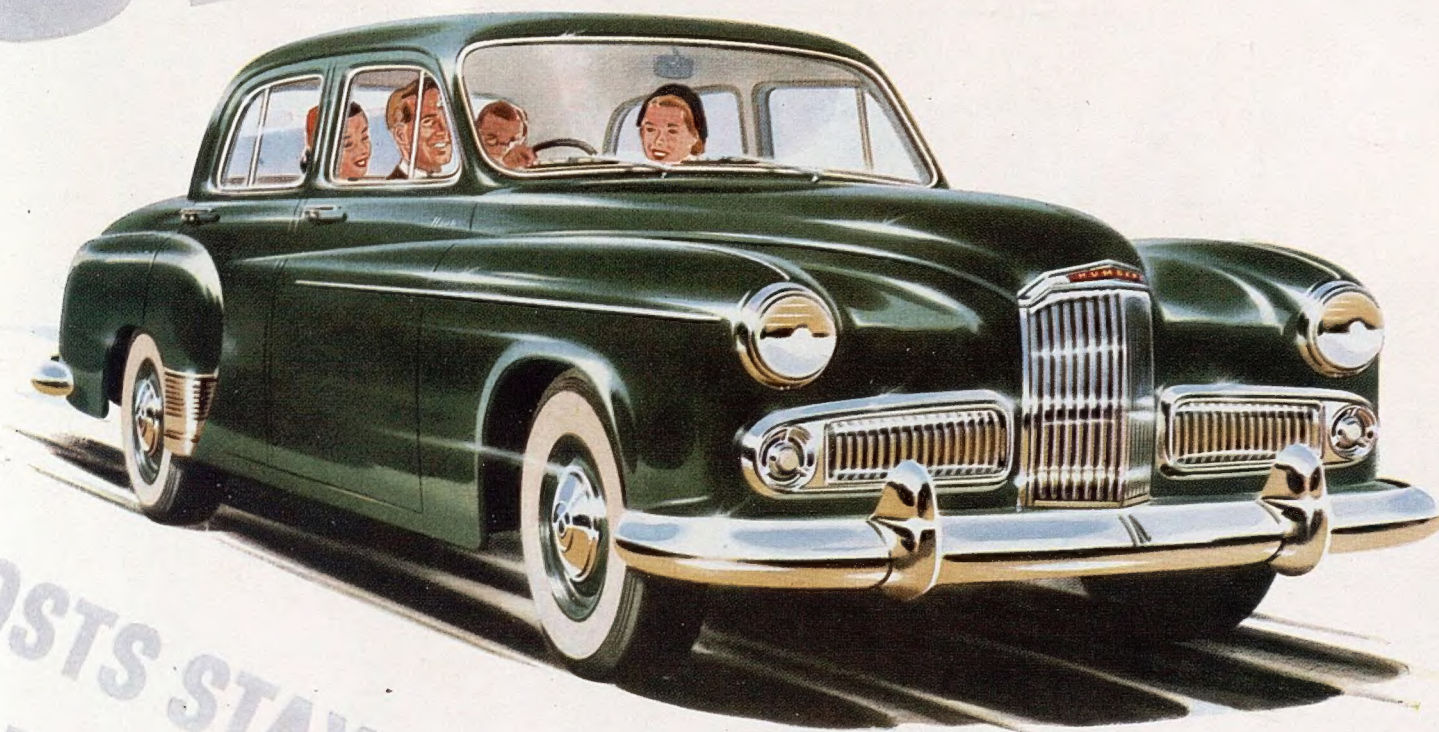
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EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE Arms illustrated are those of the Borough of Wimbledon. The double-headed eagle is symbolical of Julius Caesar and of the battle fought by him on Wimbledon Common. Signifying the Crown association with Wimbledon is the golden rose (an old royal badge). From the Arms of Lord Spencer, the present Lord of the Manor, comes the golden fret, while the gold and azure border of the shield is from the Arms of the Earls of Surrey. The garb or wheat-sheaf is from the Arms of the Cecil family, one of whom was Lord Wimbledon, Lord of the Manor. The Cornish choughs are from the Arms of Thomas Cromwell, a former Lord of the Manor.

"Sine Labe Decus"—the motto—means "Honour without Blemish".

The heraldic description reads: "Argent a double-headed eagle displayed Sable armed and legged Gules on the dexter wing a rose and on the sinister a fret Or a bordure compony Or and Azure and for the Crest issuant from a mural crown a garb supported on either side by a Cornish chough all proper."

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